

A man with a beard and short hair, wearing a dark, patterned suit jacket over a light blue shirt and a dark tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark with some faint, ornate patterns. In the top left corner, there is a skull logo with the text 'DARK REIGN' next to it.

DARK  
REIGN

# EMPIRE OF CARNAGE

BIANCA COLE

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# A DARK CAPTIVE MAFIA ROMANCE

BIANCA COLE

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hello reader,

This is a warning to let you know that while this is a **dark** mafia romance, it's one of my tamer books and features insta-lust, so if you aren't a fan of this kind of book it may be one to skip! It's a shorter 47,000 word novel with HEA and lots of steam. However, there are some sensitive subject matters addressed. If you have any triggers, it would be a good idea to proceed with caution.

As well as a possessive and dominant anti-hero who has questionable morals, this book addresses some sensitive subjects, a full list of these can be found [here](#). As always, this book has a HEA and there's no cheating.



# ANYA

The scent of Nadia's famous beef stroganoff wafts down the corridor as I make my way to the kitchen, my stomach rumbling as I get closer.

My father and brother no doubt will have already eaten, as they often do without me, not bothering to fetch me beforehand. It's been over a month since I last had dinner with them, but tonight I'm a little earlier down so I might catch them.

They are always far too busy to consider getting me to join them and often I believe they prefer I'm not there, anyway.

I haven't seen my mother for fifteen years now after she abandoned me and my brother with a ruthless monster who couldn't really care less about us. Yulian, my brother, commands more respect from him now that we're older, though, since he will inherit one day and become the pakhan of the Lebedev Bratva, the most powerful underground organization in Moscow.

I, on the other hand, am a prisoner in my own home. An asset which my father is waiting to use when it's the right time, as he says. Which otherwise translates to when he finds someone who will bring him enough riches and power to make it worth his while. Until then, I remain locked in here with only the staff to keep me company, since my family is rarely to be seen.

"Evening, Nadia," I say as I walk into the kitchen.



She smiles warmly at me. “Good evening, Anya. How are you today?”

I shrug, unable to shake the inherent loneliness that lives deep in my soul. “Same as always.”

She gives me a pitiful look and pulls out a chair. “I’ve made your favorite for dinner.”

“Beef stroganoff?” I confirm.

“Of course. Your father and brother already ate an hour ago.”

I clench my jaw, hating that deep down I’d hoped that I was early enough to catch them on this occasion. At times, it feels like they’re actively avoiding me.

Taking the seat Nadia pulled out for me, I tap my fingers in a rhythm on the wooden counter, distracting myself from the pain clawing at my insides.

*When will this hell ever end?*

A part of me wants my father to get on with it and pick my husband already, so that I can finally escape this place. The likelihood is whoever he picks will be cruel, but once I’m married, I should have some semblance of freedom.

The chance to join sports clubs or go out to dinner with friends from school I’ve not seen for three years now, even since I left at the age of sixteen. My father saw it unnecessary that I continue my studies and finish high school since I won’t use the skills, anyway.

My destiny has always been a trophy wife and nothing more.

“How has your day been?” I ask, trying to distract myself from my own dismissal life.

She clears her throat. “Busy.” She gestures toward the trays of food on the countertop cooling. “Your father’s annual charity event is tomorrow evening, you know?”

Unfortunately, I’m well aware of it. An event I dread each year as my father parades me around it like cattle going to

auction. At least that's how it feels. "Yes, maybe I can get out of it somehow."

"And miss all my delicious food?" She arches a brow.

I laugh. "It may be delicious, but it's not worth being introduced to every single politician, businessman and criminal in Moscow for."

"No, I don't suppose it is." She dishes up a bowl of beef stroganoff for me. "Do you want this in the dining room?"

I tilt my head. "Do you even have to ask anymore?" I tap the counter in front of me. "There's no way I'm sitting in that stuffy dining room on my own to eat."

She places the plate down in front of me. "I do wonder at times if you are really a Lebedev. Eating in the servants quarters would be frowned on by your father and brother."

"If they were ever here to find out, that is."

She shakes her head. "Let's hope they never do, for both our sakes."

I pick up my fork and dig into the food, moaning at how good it is. "You make the best stroganoff in Moscow, Nadia."

"Of course I do."

I laugh and continue to eat as Nadia clears up from her preparation for tomorrow's event. "Why don't you take a break and have some dinner with me?" I suggest.

Her brows pull together. "You know I can get in trouble for doing that."

"In trouble with who? My brother and father have already left for the evening."

She glances around the room before breaking into a smile. "Oh, what the hell. Why not?" Nadia grabs a dish and loads it up with some beef stroganoff before sitting next to me.

"Thank you. It's nice not to eat alone for once." I take a sip of water before continuing to devour her stroganoff. "And you deserve a break and chance to refuel, it looks like." I gesture to the trays of canapes and other dishes wrapped up and ready to

be put into the walk-in fridge below us. “I’ll give you a hand moving it all downstairs after dinner.”

Nadia shakes her head. “Where did you inherit your kindness, Anya? As it certainly wasn’t from your parents.”

I bite my inner cheek, knowing that’s true. The only family member who I knew who was ever kind was my grandmother, but she died when I was little.

“I don’t know,” I lie, as I always get emotional talking about grandmother Katia. For many years as a child, if anyone told me to make a wish, I’d wish she were still alive, until I lost all hope in wishes and gave up.

“Well, I’m glad you are the way you are,” she says, nudging me.

I smile, dipping the rest of my fresh bread into the stroganoff sauce and savoring the flavor. My father and brother would tell me I’m pathetic for befriending the staff, as in their eyes, the staff is below us.

I’ve never felt the same. Everyone in this world is equal to me in my eyes and I’m no better than the staff our family employs. In fact, I have more in common with Nadia and many of the other staff than I ever have with the two men I’m related to.

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THE CHATTER of hundreds of people invading my home echoes up the stairs from the pretentious ballroom adjoining the dining room. I stop on the landing at the top of the stairs and draw in a deep breath, trying to prepare myself for a night of boring conversation with balding, middle-aged politicians and businessmen who simply want to leer at my cleavage all night.

“What are you waiting for?” Yulian says from behind me.

I turn to him. “Hello to you too.” It’s the first time I’ve seen him in a week and that’s how he greets me. “I’m preparing myself for a night of bullshit conversations.”

He chuckles. “I have to agree with you there. This event is a fucking drag.”

“Then why don’t you suggest canceling it? After all, one day you will be in charge.”

His jaw works. “And when I’m in charge, this event will go ahead as always. They’re important for the Bratva even if they’re boring as fuck.”

Yulian may be my brother, but we couldn’t be more different. He thrives in my father’s world of crime and power, whereas I despise every aspect of it, not only the crime aspect, but the bullshit pandering to politicians and businessmen.

He pushes me down the first step. “Come on, we’re both late.”

I glare at him. “You may be late, but no one is waiting for me.”

Yulian shakes his head. “Wrong. Father intends to introduce you to someone. He won’t be happy that you are late.”

“Introduce me to who?” I ask.

Sighing, he steps around me. “If you want to find out, then you’ll have to walk down those stairs.” He glances at me over his shoulder. “You’re going to want to meet this guy.” There’s an ominous glint in his eyes.

A glint that tells me really I’m not going to want to meet him. No doubt my father is considering another suitor for me to marry.

I walk down the stairs and fight my way through crowds of people in my own home to enter the ballroom, which is overly crowded. The ball is in full swing as a lot of the guests are dancing and having a great time.

It’s easy to feel like an imposter in my own home, as I’ve never felt I belong in this world of the oligarchs of Moscow. From the look Yulian gave me, Father intends to make me dance with potential suitors tonight, the thought of which makes me sick to the stomach.

Arranged marriages are commonplace in Russia, although they've been dropping in popularity throughout the eighties. In the business my father conducts, it's standard to expect to be married off as the daughter of a Pakhan to the most powerful Bratva in Russia.

I've known since I was little that was going to be my fate.

As I gaze around the room, I'm sure the ball is busier than any other year, which only shows how my father's popularity is growing in Moscow.

A server walks past with a tray of champagne and I grab one off of it before he sweeps away into the crowd.

Something tells me that I'm going to need a strong drink to get through tonight, particularly the introduction my father is going to subject me to.

"Anya!" my father's voice sets my nerves on edge as I down the rest of my glass before turning with a false smile on my face to greet him.

The expression on his own face is irritated as he glares at me, a middle-aged man trailing him through the crowd.

"Good evening, Father."

He shakes his head. "Where have you been? I have someone I need you to meet."

The man who had been trailing after him comes to a stop and looks me up and down, objectifying me with one gaze. Instantly, I dislike him.

Not to mention, he's not exactly attractive. He's overweight and plain looking, and at least two times my twenty-two years, perhaps more.

"This is Boris Golubev. He's a senator from Saint Petersburg and I thought you two would get on."

I glare at my father. "And why is that?" I ask.

Father tilts his head. "Why is what?"

"Why did you think we would get on?" I shake my head. "Do we have a lot in common?"

His expression turns furious. “Because Boris is a well bred and intelligent man.”

Boris steps forward and takes my hand, kissing the back of it and making dread crawl down my spine. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Anya.”

Even his voice is creepy as he leers at me, and I can’t bring myself to return the sentiment.

“I’ll leave the two of you to talk,” Father says, grabbing my elbow and yanking me toward him. “Behave. You would be lucky to make a match as good as Boris.”

With that, he releases my arm and walks off into the crowd, leaving me with this overweight vulture.

“So, Anya, what is it you enjoy doing in your spare time?”

I clench my jaw. “I enjoy reading.”

“Oh? Anything I would know?”

Shaking my head, I step toward another server who is passing with some of Nadia’s tasty canapes, grabbing one and placing it into my mouth. He wouldn’t know any of the books I read, as I get them all on the black market.

The one positive about having a father in crime means he can get all the best books from America, ones that are banned for sale here.

“Try me,” he says.

“Honestly, you won’t know them. They’re not exactly legal,” I say.

His brow arches. “Banned American literature, then?”

I nod. “Yes.”

He smirks. “I should have known, considering who your father is.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Your father is the biggest criminal in Moscow, so it figures you would follow in his footsteps.”

I narrow my eyes. “I hardly think reading a few banned books makes me a criminal, do you?”

He tilts his head. “The KGB would.”

The mention of the KGB makes my stomach churn as I glance around.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell them.” He arches a brow. “So, would you like to dance?”

The thought of dancing with him makes me sick. “I’m not a very good dancer.”

“I don’t mind.” He holds his hand out.

I glance around, wondering whether my father is lurking to see if I behave as he said. “Honestly, I have two left feet. I’d rather not dance.”

His expression turns sour, as if he’s only just getting the hint that I’m not interested in him or dancing with him in the slightest. “Your father made it clear that you would be willing tonight, as he wants us to get to know each other.” Boris steps closer and grabs my arm rather forcefully, trying to be intimidating as he looks down his crooked nose at me. “You would do well to listen to him and do as you are told.”

I yank my arm away from him and shake my head. “I need to use the bathroom. Excuse me.” I dodge around him, my heart hammering at a hundred miles an hour as I escape the creep. I don’t care if my actions will anger my father, I’m fed up of these men my father keeps trying to match me with.

As always, he has picked an absolute asshole. Boris is a classic example of the kind of men my father has his eyes set on for me. A political match is probably going to be most likely for me, which sucks because there’s no man under forty-five in politics.

A woman steps backward, almost barreling into me, turning to glare at me. “Watch where you are going!”

I bite my tongue and move around her quickly, finding it ridiculous that a woman can speak to me like that in my own home.

Once I'm out of the ballroom, I head down the corridor toward the bathroom in the west wing of the house, where guests aren't supposed to venture, as I need a break away from everyone at that stuck up event.

As I round the corner to the bathroom, a man steps out in front of me in all black, including a balaclava over his head. My stomach drops and I know instantly I need to run.

Turning around, I find a man dressed exactly the same.

"Hello, princess," the man in front of me says, smirking maliciously.

I swallow hard. "Get out of my way."

The man behind me chuckles. "You aren't going anywhere."

I glance at him over my shoulder, my mind racing as I try to work out how I'm going to escape.

This corridor is far away from the party, so no one will hear me scream for help.

"Whatever you are thinking, don't." The man in front of me steps forward, forcing me to retreat toward the other guy.

"There's nowhere to go," the man behind says.

And when I glance back at him, he's closing in on me, so I'm being approached on both sides with no possible escape. "Stay away from me."

Suddenly, the man in front of me lunges and grabs my wrist, yanking me into him, and then I feel a sharp pain in my neck from behind.

"What the fuck?!"

I try to struggle, but he's too strong as the other guy shoots me with some kind of drug.

Instantly, my vision begins to blur, and I know I've got no chance of escaping now.

My father has many enemies in Moscow and Russia, and there's no doubt that these men are enemies of the Lebedev



Bratva, who are taking me as a hostage.

The question is, what do they want? And do they realize my father values me about as much as he does a shipment of cocaine?



## VALERY

*K*onstantin clears his throat and leans down to whisper in my ear, “Boss, we’ve got a problem.”

There’s always a fucking problem. Keeping an air of ease, I smile at the two men opposite me. “If you would excuse me for a minute, gentlemen.”

They nod their heads in agreement as I stand and smooth down the front of my suit jacket, walking away from the table with my Sovietnik calmly. “What the hell is it?” I growl, turning toward him once we’re out of earshot.

Konstantin knows how important this deal is to the bratva and my long-term plan.

His jaw works. “Grigory Lebedev’s men have been spotted lingering outside of the club.” There’s true concern blazing in his eyes. “We think he’s preempting a strike on us.”

I narrow my eyes at him, anger coiling through me at the mention of my enemy. “Motherfucker better not be planning a strike. I’ll burn his entire world to the ground.” I run a hand through my hair. It’s clear that my plan to move against him hasn’t gone unnoticed. If he knows that I’m trying to strike deals with the elite of Moscow, then he’ll do anything to stop me.

Moscow center has been on my radar for a few years now, ever since I cemented my control over Zelenograd. I want to move out of this shithole and that’s why I need support from the politicians and the oligarchs of Moscow, two of which are waiting at a table to give me their verdict on my proposal.

Grigory naturally wants to block the rise of the Morozov Bratva as we're a threat to his control, but he's getting old and predictable. It's time fresh blood takes control of the streets of Moscow.

"Make sure our men intercept them, no matter the cost." I shake my head. "I will not let him block this deal when I'm so close."

Konstantin bows his head. "Yes, sir."

"Don't let me down, Konstantin. We need this deal if we're going to take Moscow."

He bows his head and then walks away to set in motion my orders. My attention moves to the two politicians I'm meeting with and I clear my throat, trying to shake off the distraction as I need to be on my game if I'm going to win them over. So, I walk over and plaster a smile on my face, sitting down opposite them. "I apologize for the interruption." I take a long sip of whiskey. "Where were we?"

Stepan, the younger and more ruthless of the two, clears his throat. "You were telling us that your organization can help us with our political careers?"

"Certainly." I nod. "Our organization has a lot of sway over the voters in the suburbs. If you were to give us a chance, we'd get your party the numbers you need."

Arseny raises a brow. "And why should we push aside Grigory with all his experience for a rookie?"

The word rookie flares the rage already simmering inside of me as I clench my fists, but I have to hold it back, as these are politicians, not criminals, they won't respond well to anger or aggression.

"Grigory Lebedev is old, and he's growing complacent." I run the palm of my hand over the back of my neck. "In fact, he's been complacent for a long while and I intend to take everything from him." I shrug. "You can either be a part of that or go down with him."

Arseny nods. "I agree that Grigory is complacent and believes himself untouchable." His eyes narrow. "What I'm

unsure of is whether you and your bratva are the right organization to replace him.”

Arseny might be older, but he’s also cunning. He’s going to make this more difficult and cracking him will be a challenge if I want them on board. The risk involved needs to be sure to reward him greatly, otherwise he could lose years of work.

“The Morozov Bratva is the only possible replacement.” I crack my knuckles. “The entire political and criminal system in Moscow is stale. The black market economy that you use as your life blood is stalling and growth is at an all-time low in Moscow, and yet here in Zelenograd, we’ve experienced the highest growth since I inherited the title of Pakhan from my father.” I narrow my eyes at the two men, glancing between the two of them. “If that isn’t a good enough reason to back us, then I don’t know what is.”

They glance at each other briefly, Arseny nodding.

Stepan runs a hand through his hair. “You make a very good argument, Valery.”

“Indeed, but we need proof that you can overthrow him.” Arseny takes a long sip of his drink. “What is your plan?”

It takes all my self-control not to snap at this asshole. There’s a plan, but it’s not one I intend to divulge to a politician. The risk involved in what is in motion right now is insane. “Let’s just say I intend to take something precious from Grigory and hold it over him.”

Stepan arches a brow. “That’s it? That is your grand plan to force Grigory Lebedev to back down.”

I grind my teeth together. “I know what I’m doing.”

“It would be a good plan if there was anything in this world that Grigory cares more about more than himself,” Arseny adds.

I may not know Grigory personally, only by reputation, but surely his children are precious enough to him to concede. “Believe me, I know something that will force him to back down.”

“I hope it’s not Anya,” Stepan says.

I clench my jaw. “What if it is?”

He chuckles then. “Oh dear, I don’t think you know Grigory at all. He wouldn’t give two shits if you took his daughter. I’d get back to the drawing board if I were you.”

That would be possible if my men weren’t currently in the process of snatching her from her own home. Keeping my composure, I shake my head. “It’s already done.”

Their eyebrows hitch upward and I know in that moment I’ve lost them both. My plan to snatch Anya is one they don’t believe will work, so there’s no chance they’ll back my plans now.

Stepan stands and Arseny follows suit. “I’m afraid that means this discussion is over,” Arseny declares.

I stand too, giving them a nod of my head. “Fine.”

Stepan claps me on the shoulder. “Don’t look too dejected. You should have done your homework on Grigory and Anya’s relationship. Better luck next time.”

With that parting advice, the two of them walk away, leaving me reeling as the rage inside of me builds. Anya Lebedev is the only thing of note I could find to snatch from that private son of a bitch. He keeps his personal life under wraps so tightly it was impossible to find leverage. The only other option was his son, but he wouldn’t be as vulnerable as Anya.

Grigory Lebedev has always underestimated the Morozov Bratva. He has practically written us off as no threat to his territory, since we preside over Zelenograd, an okrug of Moscow. He thinks we’re rats that wouldn’t dare encroach on Moscow itself, but I’ve always been greedy. I have set my sights on his wealth since the moment I became a pakhan.

Grigory lives like a king attending parties with the richest oligarchs in Russia. It’s the life I want for myself. Lebedev is getting old, and Yulian, his male heir, is lacking for want of a better word.

He's been searching for a husband for his precious princess for a while now and his efforts were ramping up tonight. A plan I'm going to stop dead in its tracks when my men snatch her from his party, but according to Stepan and Arseny, it won't do me any good.

Dimitry approaches, looking wary after Stepan and Arseny so abruptly left. "How did it go, sir?"

I shake my head. "Don't ask, just bring the car around front."

He bows his head and walks away to fetch the car, leaving me alone and reeling. There's no going back now. Anya will be snatched tonight by my men, if she hasn't been already.

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THE DRIP of a pipe leaking echoes through the tunnels as I descend the steps of the old restaurant I've rented on the outskirts of Moscow into the unused basement. There's no way we'd get away with keeping Anya Lebedev in Zelenograd without getting caught, so we're hiding her in plain sight in Grigory's territory.

Stepan's warning keeps repeating in my mind like a broken record.

*He wouldn't give two shits if you took his daughter.*

Have we risked everything for nothing? I don't normally doubt myself, but when it comes to Grigory's feelings about his daughter, I did make assumptions.

"There's no chance in hell he'd crack this location," Konstantin says, sounding very pleased with himself, since he found this place.

I give him an irritated glare because right now I need to be alone to formulate a plan, and it doesn't help to have him chirping in my ear. "No, it's highly unlikely."

His lips purse together as we walk along the dank, moldy corridor toward the little basement room at the end of the maze

like tunnels. The drip of the leaking pipe sounds like a clock in the background, counting down the second and minutes, because I know time is of the essence.

As it stands, Grigory Lebdev won't have a clue that his daughter has been kidnapped, let alone by us. Which means I need to get ahead of it and make the realization that I fucked him over impactful if it's going to have the desired effect. Even if he doesn't care about his daughter, I know he cares about his reputation.

*How would it look that he can't even protect his only daughter?*

The pakhan of the Lebdev Bratva looks down on me, as if I'm nothing more than a bug he can squash beneath his boot, but all of that will change from today. Today, Lebdev will regret ever underestimating me.

"Why are there so many tunnels down here?" I ask as we turn right.

Konstantin shrugs. "I believe it was a hideout for the bolsheviks in the Russian revolution, much like the tunnels under your home in Zelenograd."

I nod, as it makes sense. There are a number of buildings across the city that were used by the political party when they were planning a revolt against the tsar. The ones in Zelenograd I mapped out and purchased every building so that I have a way of moving around without being above ground. It seems only fitting that we would use one of those hideouts in Grigory's territory now for our own rise against a power that has been in control of Moscow's underbelly for too long now.

"A fitting place to plan our own revolution."

Konstantin smirks. "Indeed." He stops in front of the heavy oak wooden door, which is rotten and probably as old as the building. "Are you ready, sir?"

I nod, uncertain what kind of reaction we'll face from the princess of the Lebdev Bratva. Little is known about her as Grigory keeps her locked away in his home, away from prying



eyes, conserving her innocence until the right buyer makes him an offer, essentially.

Konstantin opens the door and turns on a light which flickers before illuminating the dank space and the small figure sitting on a rotten old chair in the center.

Standing in the doorway, I watch her from the cover of the shadows, as her eyes flicker open and shut instantly again at the intensity of the light hitting her irises.

My golden ticket, and what a treasure she is.

The first thing I notice is how utterly breathtaking she is. Unlike any woman I've ever seen before in my life, and it hits me like a ton of bricks falling from a height. Her golden hair is in curls and splays down the front of her black evening gown, finishing just above her waist.

My breath stalls for a moment and my entire world shifts on its axis as her eyes flutter open again, this time remaining that way. They're the bluest eyes I've ever seen and when they fix on me, I realize that my mouth has fallen open a little.

Snapping it shut, I gather myself and stride into the room, ignoring the racing of my heart in my chest, galloping faster than a prize horse at the end of a race.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" She stutters, her chin trembling with fear as she tries to remain confident and in control of her emotions, even though she's terrified and teetering on the edge of a breakdown.

I don't answer right away, walking over to a steel table in the corner and pursuing the implements atop it, finding an odd twisting in my gut at the thought of harming the creature behind me. She's too beautiful. Too perfect to mar with knives or whips. Instead, I want to worship every inch of her body until she's crying for release.

*Focus Valery.*

Anya Lebdev serves one purpose and one purpose only. She's the key to Moscow. My way in the door and my chance to steal the throne once and for all.

I pick up a small knife, mainly as an intimidation tactic, as right now, the thought of harming her is unappealing. When I turn around, some of that bravado is gone as her stunning eyes dilate with fear the moment she clocks the knife in my hand.

“W-what do you want?” She lifts her chin high, trying to maintain that air of confidence that’s quickly crumbling before me like a dilapidated building.

Again, I don’t answer. A part of me wants to see how she handles this situation. Instead, I walk toward her, clenching my jaw as the closer I get, the more difficult it is to ignore how flawless she is. The world beautiful doesn’t do her justice.

She opens her mouth to say something, but then slams it shut and stares at me with steely determination.

*Smart.*

Anya has correctly determined that I’ve no intention of answering her questions, and therefore it’s best to say nothing.

I circle her chair. The knife feels unnatural in my hands as, for once, I don’t intend to use it, merely intimidate.

Despite her awkward pose tied to an uncomfortable wooden chair, it’s easy to see her curvy, perfect figure, and it only heightens my ever growing desire for my prisoner.

“Are you scared?” I ask, as I come around full circle and look her in the eyes.

There’s a war blazing in her eyes as she tries to decide how best to play this. “No.”

A simple one-word answer, but a lie. “I don’t believe you.”

Her nostrils flare. “Then why ask me if you think you know the answer?”

It’s a valid question, but again, I don’t intend to answer any that she asks. She’ll learn soon enough that I do all the talking in this situation. Moving closer to her, I hold her alluring gaze and reach out to grab her chin, tilting her face up to get a better look at her angelic features.

“There’s no need to be scared, as long as you do what you are told.” I dig my fingers into her skin harder as a warning before releasing her face. My fingertips are tingling where I touched her soft skin. I take a step back, desire zapping through me as I try to ignore the fact that I’m drawn to my prisoner in the most illicit way. “Do you understand?”

Her fear is delectable as her eyes dilate and she nods in response, lip trembling a little, which betrays the truth she’s trying to hide. Anya Lebedev fears me and I sense that it makes her feel something else too, excitement, which equally scares her.

If nothing else, toying with her will be fun.



# ANYA

“Leave us,” the man in charge says to another man leaning against the bare stone wall by the door.

“Of course, sir.” He bows his head, proving that this other guy is in charge.

My captor circles me in a predatory way, still holding the knife as his man walks through the rotten doors and shuts them behind him, leaving me alone with a wolf ready to devour its prey.

I swallow hard as he comes around to stand in front of me again, staring at me with his alluring dark eyes, eyes so dark they look like the midnight sky, they could almost be black if it weren't for the flecks of amber reflecting the light in the room. A scar runs through his right eye, giving his beauty a rough edge that only enhances his perfection.

A muscle flexes in his jaw, drawing my attention to the harshness of his masculinity. He has a perfectly straight nose and full lips that give him an unfair beauty, paired with dark chestnut hair cut just to the right length to slide your fingers through it.

Heat spreads up my neck and into my cheeks as I realize that I'm admiring how attractive my kidnapper is. A man who has been spinning a little knife in my face threateningly for at least ten minutes now, avoiding all of my questions.

I should be thinking of anything but his looks. For example, who the hell is he and what does he want from me?

Two questions I've already asked, but that went unanswered by this demon in a suit.

"I said, do you understand? I want to hear your answer," He growls.

Narrowing my eyes, I shake my head in an attempt to clear my mind of inappropriate thoughts. "Yes." I'm not an idiot and I know that being at the mercy of this man means I have to do as I'm told, to a certain extent. It's the only way I can hope to survive this and learn why I'm here.

A sinister smirk curls onto his lips as he nods. "Good." He walks closer, the knife still in his hand as he slides the tip beneath my chin and forces me to look him in the eyes. "As it would be a shame to destroy something so pretty."

Fear coils through me, tightening my gut as the tip of the knife digs into my skin. Those dark eyes hold my gaze as if waiting for me to break it, but I sense showing him weakness would be the worst possible move right now.

After what feels like an age, he pulls the knife away and turns his back to me, walking around the back of my chair. It gives me a momentary respite from his intimidating gaze. My heart is thundering against my rib cage, but I try to bring it under control while not under the scrutiny of my captor.

"How much do you think your father would pay for your return?"

Dread sinks into my stomach like a lead weight. "Not very much." It's the truth. My father doesn't view my life as a very important commodity. A good match may bring him a bit more power and money, but it's not something he needs.

"I'm not sure that's true." He stops in front of me again, eyes narrowed. "Why wouldn't your father pay a hefty price for your return?"

"Because he doesn't really care whether I live or die."

The man's eye twitches, the first sign that he's rattled. "Surely you are a powerful asset."

I shake my head. “My marriage to a politician or businessman will bring him a bit more power, but he doesn’t need it.”

“That doesn’t bode well for you.”

“What would you like from my father?” I ask, hoping that perhaps whatever he wants is worth my life.

“Moscow.”

I stare at the devil in front of me, trying to understand what exactly he means. “Moscow?”

“Yes, I want him to back down for a new king to take over the city.”

I laugh then, wondering if this man is joking. My father wouldn’t give up Moscow for anything.

“What’s so funny?” he snaps, knife still firmly in his hand, as he stares at me menacingly.

“My father wouldn’t give up Moscow for anything, not even his heir.” I shake my head. “Yulian would have been a better target and even then he’d let him die a painful death before giving you the crown.”

He drops the knife and then suddenly wraps his hand around my throat, squeezing hard. “Then you will wish you were never born.”

Fear slams into me again as he glares at me, his fingers twitching against my skin. I can’t breathe well and I wonder if I’m about to die so young. “For your sake, you better hope that you’re wrong.” His fingers flex and tighten, squeezing just a little harder. “Your future hinges on your father’s actions.” Suddenly, he releases my throat.

I gasp for oxygen, my stomach churning like the inside of a dryer on a high spin. This man oozes darkness and danger and he’s just made it clear that unless my father wants to give up his entire empire, then my future is bleak. The chance of that happening is zero, so I’m resigned to my fate.

He stares at me and it feels like the air between us crackles with electricity.

“Then I guess I’ll have to accept a pretty dire future. My father won’t give up his throne for all the money in this world.”

His jaw clenches and I notice the way his eyes dip down the length of my body, even while I’m sitting in this chair. It feels like he’s undressing me with his eyes and my entire body turns hot under his attention, questionably so. “Perhaps I’ll find another use for you.” The fire in his eyes inspires terror and something else which borders on excitement, which makes no sense.

“What kind of use?” I ask.

The question seems to snap him out of it as he shakes his head. “That remains to be seen.” His jaw clenches and he turns his back to me, taking a few steps toward the door.

I don’t know what inspires me to ask the next question, as I know he won’t answer it. “Who are you?”

His footsteps falter and tension coils through his muscular back, which is covered in the finest cotton suit that’s been tailored to fit him like a second skin. Whoever he is, he’s wealthy, gauging by his attire and the thick white gold Rolex on his wrist.

The man glances over his shoulder at me and those dark eyes look black at this distance. “Only I ask the questions here, printessa. You will learn that sooner or later.”

I shudder at the intensity in his eyes, knowing that I wouldn’t purposely push him. The look in his eyes tells me he has the ability to be wickedly cruel. He walks away without another word, leaving me alone in the darkness, contemplating my bleak future.

It’s never been very bright, but right now it’s shrouded in darkness and danger, captured by the devil in disguise. A man so painstakingly beautiful and yet cruel to the core. I may not have seen the depths of his depravity yet, but I can sense the darkness inside of him having grown up around men like him.



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THE ONLY SOUND in the darkness is the drip of water in the distance, but it goads me. A sound that mimics the ticking of a clock, making time crawl by slower than I believed physically possible.

I don't know how long I've been down here alone, since the man who captured me turned his back and walked away.

Ever since I've been trying to work out who would be gutsy enough to attack my father like this.

And I keep landing on the same answer, no matter how hard I wish I didn't.

The man who wouldn't answer my questions is Valery Morozov, of the Morozov Bratva.

He's the only man who would have the audacity to try to dethrone my father this way. He's been after Moscow for a good few years since he inherited from his father.

I remember listening to my father at a dinner prattle on about how he's a thorn in his backside and too ambitious for his own good.

My stomach churns as I wonder what his response will be to learning his daughter has been kidnapped by his enemy. I can only imagine it will be rather offensive, and I'm glad I won't be there to hear his reply.

Yulian will probably care deep down, but he won't show it. After all, we used to be close when we were little, before my mother ran away.

When she ran, that's when everything changed.

I never believed that she ran away, but that's the story our father stuck with. It wouldn't surprise me if she was murdered by him for doing something wrong, her body discarded and never to be found again.

A loud crashing makes me jump as I sit up straighter, eyes fixed on the door.

“Fuck,” someone growls, followed by footsteps.

The door swings open and a medium height young man, no older than me, steps inside holding a tray.

“This is fucking ridiculous. I’m not a servant.” His eyes scan the room and when they land on me, his jaw clenches. “Room service.”

I don’t say anything, eyeing him and the tray warily.

He comes closer and places the tray on my lap, before loosening the bindings holding my arms. “Eat up.”

I narrow my eyes, glancing down at the tray of food, which I highly suspect was what I heard crashing to the floor, as it looks like roadkill. “I’m not hungry.”

“You will eat it or I’ll fucking shove it down your throat.”

I swallow hard and pick up my fork. “You dropped it on the floor, didn’t you?”

His nostrils flare. “It all tastes the fucking same, dirt or no dirt.”

I sigh heavily and force a bite into my mouth, almost gagging. “Did Valery send you down here?”

His eyes narrow. “Don’t say his name.”

“Why not? Because he’s your boss?” I arch a brow.

This guy is an inexperienced soldier of the bratva and if I play this right, I’ll get the answer I’m looking for.

“Because I fucking said so. Valery doesn’t send food to prisoners. He’s above that.”

Internally, I smirk, as it’s clear that this man is part of the Morozov Bratva. “And where is he?”

“Stop asking questions and eat,” he barks, eyes flashing with irritation, but he doesn’t fill me with fear, not like Valery did.

Valery Morozov has something about him, an air of intimidation just by walking into a room. I expected less from

the man that my father speaks so lowly about, as if he's nothing more than the dirt on the bottom of his shoe.

“I need to speak with him.”

The man growls then, shaking his head. “You don't get to make demands. You are a prisoner. It's as simple as that.” His fists clench. “And if you don't shut up, I'll beat the questions out of you.”

I sense that it's an idle threat from the look in his eyes, as he's not authorized to lay a hand on me. Even so, I decide not to push my luck any further. Valery Morozov will return and when he does, I'll offer him the only thing I can, a way to infiltrate my father's operations and bring them down from the inside.

I don't care if he loses everything, as he won't care whether I live or die, so the only one looking out for me is myself. I eat the floor scrapings reluctantly with renewed hope, knowing that if Valery can listen to reason, I may get out of here in one piece after all.



## VALERY

“Sir, we’ve had a response from Grigory and it’s not good,” Konstantin announces as he walks into my study without knocking.

I glare at him. “Did I say you could walk in here as if it’s your living room?”

His expression drops and he bows his head. “No, sorry, sir.”

I click my fingers and gesture for him to come forward. “What has happened?”

“Grigory has put out a price on your head. Dead or alive.” He slaps a flyer down on my desk and Grigory has found a photo of me that’s on the front with a reward of three thousand US dollars.

“No mention of the return of Anya?” I confirm.

He shakes his head. “From the research I’ve done, I believe Stepan was correct. Grigory isn’t too bothered about his daughter’s welfare.”

“Motherfucker.” I slam my fist into my hardwood desk. “What does that mean for us?”

Konstantin’s jaw works. “It means that we’ve just declared war with the Lebedev Bratva.”

I nod in response. “Warn the men as we’ll be under fire. Ensure any men that are considering taking the reward money think again if they want to survive the rest of this week.”

“Of course. Is there anything else?”

I shake my head. “No, that’s all.” I wave my hand toward the door, expecting him to leave. When he doesn’t move, I narrow my eyes. “Is there a problem?”

Konstantin’s nostrils flare. “Have you considered offering her back as a peace offering?”

The mere suggestion that I would consider backing down at the first sign of push back enrages me, but it’s not the only prospect that angers me. It’s the idea that I would let such a beautiful prize escape so easily, without a fight or something of value in return.

Ever since I set my eyes on Anya Lebedev yesterday evening, I haven’t been able to think of anything else but those alluring crystal blue eyes.

“What do you take me for, Konstantin?”

His jaw clenches. “We’re entering into a war we can’t win based on firepower alone.”

“Can’t? You know I don’t like that word.”

“No, but you must admit, we’re outnumbered.”

I tap my fingers rhythmically on the hardwood desk, trying to come up with a plan. “We’re outnumbered, but I have an asset that may prove useful yet.” I stand, buttoning up my jacket. And I walk around Konstantin, heading out of my office.

“Where are you going, sir?”

I glance at him over my shoulder. “To pay our prisoner a visit.”

“Do you need me to come with you?”

I shake my head. “No, I need you to get the men ready for war. I won’t cower away or run scared because of that bastard’s tactics.”

Konstantin bows his head. “Be careful. There’s a hefty price on your head.”

“I’d like to see someone try to take it.” I wink at him. In the years since I inherited the role of Pakhan from my father, many men have tried to bring me down and steal my position, all have failed. I have two scars to prove it from the one man that got closest, my cousin Leonid. One across my eye and the other on the left side of my chest.

He died a slow and painful death for trying and for scarring me. I crack my neck as the tension builds and walk out of my study, heading toward the garage where my Ferrari is parked.

I get into the sports car and press the button to open the automatic garage door, putting the keys into the ignition and turning them.

The roar of the engine and the vibrations running through my body have a calming effect as I pull out of it and down the driveway, racing toward Moscow’s outer limits where I’m hiding Anya.

It’s reckless to take my own car there, but I’m in a reckless mood. Grigory is too cocky to look for me in his own backyard.

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THE DESCENT into the basement of the restaurant feels different this time around. As if the woman down at the bottom is calling me, drawing me in. Like a siren luring her prey to be devoured. At least that’s how it feels, even if it’s ridiculous.

Anya Lebedev is no threat to me. She’s merely a pawn in a game of chess. Even so, my footsteps falter as I get to the old rotten door she’s hidden away behind, my heart pounding erratically against my rib cage. I narrow my eyes.

*Come on, Valery. She’s just a little girl.*

Reaching for the handle of the door, I push it open and it feels like the oxygen is pulled out of the room the moment I set eyes on her.

She's looking right at me, as if she heard me coming. Perhaps she did.

I don't know how much you can hear down here.

A flash of relief enters those light blue eyes of hers. "At last. I have a proposition for you, Valery."

My name spoken from her lips sends tension coiling through my veins and turning them to stone. I glare at her, working my jaw that she was the first to speak and somehow has gleaned information about my identity. If it was that rookie, Oleg, I'll wring his neck.

Marching forward, I close the gap between us and loom over her. "Who told you my name?"

Anya shakes her head. "No one. I figured it out."

"Don't lie to me," I growl.

Her eyes widen. "I'm not. You are the only man ballsy enough to go head to head with my father like this."

She's not wrong, but I hate that she figured it out so easily.

"And that's why I have a proposition for you."

"Did I say I wanted a proposition from you?"

She shakes her head. "No, but—"

"Silent," I growl.

Her jaw snaps shut as she purses her lips together, irritation sparking to life in her eyes.

"I'm the one that makes the propositions around here." I walk around her in a slow circle. "You won't speak unless I permit you to. Do you understand?"

Her brow furrows and her nose wrinkles adorably as she gets more frustrated. "But—"

I stop in front of her and grab her throat, squeezing hard in warning. "Do. You. Understand?"

Anya can't answer me, not with my fingers wrapped around her slender throat. Instead, she jerks her head in a nod.



“Good. Now you are going to listen to me.” I release her throat reluctantly, enjoying the way her pulse thundered beneath my skin.

Walking around her chair, I try to gather my thoughts.

Anya Lebedev will have inside information about how Grigory operates for sure, which will be valuable to me.

“Your father has responded to my claims of having you by putting a price on my head, dead or alive.” I watch her as her shoulders drop slightly, as if she had been holding onto a tiny silver of hope that he’d do the right thing by her. “Which means I need you to betray your father and tell me how I can bring him down.”

She smiles, and it’s the most achingly beautiful smile I’ve ever seen that for a moment I’m dazzled by it. “Great minds think alike.”

I narrow my eyes. “What do you mean?”

“I knew my father wouldn’t care what you do to me, so why should I care about his secrets?” She shakes her head. “If they can save my life, I’ll happily hand them over, as he’s not going to save me.”

It’s clever and true.

Grigory might as well have signed her death certificate with that move earlier, putting a hit out on me.

He clearly doesn’t care whether his daughter lives or dies.

“What information do you have?”

She bites her bottom lip, an innocent move, but one that makes my mind run wild with dirty fucking thoughts. “Before I give you anything, you need to make me some assurances.”

I arch a brow. “What kind of assurances?”

“That you won’t murder me once you have what you want, for one.”

I stare at her, wondering where Grigory has been hiding this beautiful, smart creature. “Of course.”

“And that I will be given freedom and a safe passage somewhere my father can’t get to me.”

I narrow my eyes. “Your father won’t be alive to go after you.”

Her throat bobs as she swallows hard. “You can’t be certain what way it will go.”

I can’t understand why her underestimating me makes me more angry than anything. “Are you suggesting you think your father can best me, even with insider information?”

She shrugs nonchalantly. “There are no guarantees in war.”

I slam my hand into her throat again, forcing her chin up so that she has to hold my gaze. “I will destroy him, obliterate the bastard until there’s nothing left. Do you understand?”

Her nostrils flare and I notice the way her eyes dilate with a mix of fear and excitement. I saw it before, her reaction to me. It’s desire at its finest and she can’t hide it, no matter how much she tries.

“I have a better proposition,” I murmur, flexing my fingers around her throat. “You tell me what I want to know and if it helps, then I’ll consider letting you live outside of this basement.”

Her brow furrows. “You won’t let me go?”

The idea of letting Anya Lebedev go at any point doesn’t sound appealing at all. “You belong to me now, Anya.” I’m not sure where those words are coming from, but I’ve never said something more true.

“Why would I give you anything if you have no intention of setting me free?”

Anya Lebedev would be the ultimate prize. Take down my arch nemesis and claim his daughter as my own. I release her throat and walk over to the instrument table, picking up a knife. “Because it’s the only option you have.”

Her jaw clenches. “You have to give me something, otherwise I might as well be dead.”

“Believe me, your life with me will be far better than death.”

“I don’t think so.”

I smirk as it’s a challenge if ever I’d heard one. “How shall I prove it to you?”

She holds her chin high. “You can’t.”

I move closer to her, still holding the knife, sliding it through her bindings.

She gasps as if she was expecting me to cut her with it. I may be a criminal, but harming a beautiful woman, a woman who I know is going to belong to me from this day forward, is beyond my capabilities.

“Stand for me.”

Her eyes narrow as she watches me, glancing at the knife with hesitation. “What are you going to do with that?”

“No questions.” I lace my fingers in her hair and yank her to her feet with it. “Soon, you will learn that doing what I tell you is best for the both of us.”

“That’s the most misogynistic thing I’ve ever heard.” She glares at me, making my cock thicken in my briefs.

“Silence,” I growl, still holding her hair.

Her legs tremble beneath her as she struggles to hold her own weight.

“You try to act tough, Anya Lebedev. And yet deep down you are melting for me and have been since the day you looked into my eyes.”

Her nose wrinkles. “I don’t know what—”

I yank her hair harder, silencing her as I move forward with the knife and lift the hem of her skirt with it.

She shudders, eyes fluttering closed from a mix of fear and anticipation.

“Valery,” she breathes my name.

“That’s right, printessa, say my name.” I let the tip of the knife graze the inside of her thigh. “Let’s find out what secrets you are hiding beneath this skirt.”

Her throat bobs as she opens her eyes, looking at me, a war waging in them between desire and fear.

I flick my wrist and cut through the thin fabric of her skirt so that it falls to the floor in a pool. Anya is wearing a pair of white lace panties, emphasizing her pure innocence.

“Tell me, Anya. Are you a virgin?”

Her nostrils flare as she glares at me.

“Of course you are.” I smirk, the idea of being her first and only making me even harder. “Even better.” I slide the flat of the knife under the waistband of her panties and then flick the sharp edge through the lace. It comes apart and leaves her bare to me.

Watching her face, she turns a deep red at being in front of me, so exposed. I let my eyes drop down to her virgin cunt and groan when I see her arousal glistening between her thick thighs. She’s basically dripping with need for me already, and I’ve hardly touched her.

“Just what I thought.”

“What did you think?” she asks, her voice small and breakable.

I release her hair and wrap my fingers around her throat. “You want me just as badly as I want you.”

She shakes her head. “That’s not—”

“Don’t lie to me, Anya. Your cunt is practically weeping for me.”

She gasps at my dirty words. “No, it’s—”

I put my fingers between her thighs and slide two inside of her, shutting her up instantly. “Sure as hell feels like it.” I know in that moment that I’ve lost sight of the reason I came in here, which was to get information from this woman, not to

fall into my depraved desires with her, but perhaps I can get both.



## ANYA

*I*t feels like I'm floating above my own body, watching as Valery Morozov takes advantage of me in a way I've never felt before. No man has ever touched me the way he's touching me and the sickest part is, I'm enjoying it, no matter how shameful that is.

My captor is insane if he thinks I'm going to give him any information without a guarantee that he'll let me go. Instead, he vows to keep me for himself.

His fingers remain around my throat while his other hand delves between my thighs, plunging into my embarrassingly wet pussy.

Valery groans, a deep and guttural sound that only pulls more pleasure from me. "You are so fucking wet, printessa." His lips skate over the edge of my jaw. "Wet for me. Your cunt doesn't lie."

I gasp at the filthy language he's using and the darkness overcoming his eyes as he stares into mine. They're like bottomless pits staring back at me as I look into a well of pure darkness.

"Let me show you just what your life with me will be like if you are a good girl." He drops to his knees in front of me, making my heart hammer erratically, as I reach out and grab his shoulders to steady myself.

A sinful smirk twists onto his lips as he grabs my left knee and lifts my leg, opening me up for him. And before I can

protest, his tongue is delving between my thighs, consuming me from the inside out.

“Valery,” I moan his name, unable to help myself anymore. The pleasure is undeniable, even if the man giving it to me is the man who captured me and locked me in a dank, damp basement.

He sucks my clit into his mouth and I struggle to keep myself upright, digging my fingertips into his shoulders. “That’s right, printessa. Moan my name. Such a good girl.”

I clamp my eyes shut and let my head fall back, knowing that I’ve never felt such pleasure before in all my life. “This is so wrong,” I mutter under my breath.

His fingertips dig into my thighs hard, sending a thrilling pain through me. “It’s so fucking right.” And then he continues to devour me like a wolf who has been starving for his next meal for days.

I keep my hands on his muscular shoulders, using them to ground me as he turns me into a storm of electricity, lighting up for him and him alone.

“You taste fucking divine,” he growls, nostrils flaring as he looks up at me like an angry beast.

My stomach churns as I shake my head. “What are we doing?”

Suddenly, he stands, leaving me wanting more. His lips an inch from mine and glistening with my arousal. “We’re giving in to a primal need.” He kisses me then, his lips forceful against mine as he takes what he wants.

His tongue slips through my lips, forcing them open for him. And then it feels like he’s trying to suck out my soul as he searches my mouth with such feral need.

I moan, lacing my fingers through his beautiful dark hair and pulling him closer, as if I need him to keep breathing.

He’s right. Ever since I set eyes on him, I’ve felt this draw that can’t be explained, like a moth to a flame, even though he



kidnapped me. Valery should be the last man I feel anything for other than contempt.

His lips trail down to my collarbone and he nips at it with his teeth, sending a shockwave right to my core.

“Valery,” I moan his name.

He kisses lower, grabbing the edge of my blouse and tearing it apart, sending the buttons flying. “I’m going to fucking consume you, Anya.” His lips move between my breasts and it feels like I’m going to combust into flames at any moment. “Once I’m through with you, you won’t want to live without me. Hell, you won’t know how to.”

I groan as I slide my fingers through his hair as he pulls aside my bra and captures my hard nipples between his teeth, making me shudder.

And then he sucks it as if it’s his oxygen and I can feel a pressure mount deep within my core. “Oh, God.”

“God has nothing to do with this.” He moves onto my right nipple and does the same, making me tremble with a need so deep it feels like I’m going to die without him. “I am your God now.”

His lips trail lower again, heading right between my thighs again as he drops to his knees in front of me.

As I gaze down at him, I find it hard to believe that such a powerful, dark man is on his knees in front of me, looking up at me as if I’m the most fucking important thing on this earth.

When he sucks my clit into his mouth again, my knees buckle and I almost fall, but he has hold of my hips firmly.

His muscles flex as he supports my weight and turns me into a puddle for him.

Right now, I know that I’d give him everything willingly in that moment if he asked for it.

Every single part of me is being claimed by the enemy of my father, a man who wants to use me, and I don’t care. In fact, I love it.

Which means that there's something wrong with me, but at that moment I can't think of anything but the way this man is making me feel.

"Go and lie down on that table," he orders, nodding toward the table with implements on.

I open my mouth to question him, but he's too impatient.

Instead, he grabs my wrist and yanks me toward it, swiping a large hand across the surface to clear it. The knives and other items clatter to the floor with a loud clang, making me flinch.

I swallow hard as I look at the monster who has taken me captive and is now laying claim to the most intimate part of my body. His eyes are practically glowing with darkness, if that's possible.

"Lie. Down," he orders, dominance oozing from the tone of his voice.

I do as I'm told, partly because following his orders is arousing and partly because the look in his eyes scares me.

Once I'm lying down on the table for him, he part my legs and thrusts three thick fingers inside of me.

My hips buck upward at the sudden invasion.

"Tell me, Anya, do you like getting finger fucked?"

I shake my head, which results in a firm slap against my inner thigh.

"Don't lie," he growls.

I capture my bottom lip between my teeth. "It's not a lie."

"It's a fucking bare face lie if I've ever heard one." He spans my inner thighs again even harder, taking the breath from my lungs. "Tell me the truth, malishka."

I pinch my lips together and glare at him, as I'm not telling him I enjoy this. It's too fucking easy.

He captures me and my traitorous body just folds for him like a fucking piece of paper.

“I see you want to do this the hard way.” He tilts his head and walks to the side of the table so that he’s standing in front of my face, his crotch inches from me.

Dread coils through me as he unzips his pants, and I know instantly what he’s going to do.

I turn my head away, which results in an animalistic growl.

“Don’t think you get pleasure and don’t have to return the favor.” He grabs my chin and forces my face back toward him as he releases his cock.

It’s hard head touching my lip and making me shake with both disgust and desire. The two don’t go together and yet that’s what I feel.

“Open those pretty lips for me.”

I glare up at him, rebellion sparking to life deep in my soul.

Instead of opening my mouth, I spit on his cock, which has the opposite effect I wanted.

He groans, eyes clamping shut. “You can spit on it, baby, get it ready for that tight little throat of yours.”

“You are sick,” I say.

He smirks at me. “That’s not what you were saying when my head was buried between your thighs, was it?” Shaking his head, he pushes the tip of his cock against my pursed lips. “Open. Now.”

I hate myself as I unhinge my jaw and the length of his cock slips through, the soft velvety feel of his skin against my tongue wrapped over a steel pole.

The masculine, salty taste of him is overwhelming as he works his cock in and out of my mouth a few times.

And then he slams into the back of my throat, making me choke.

My eyes bug out of my skull as I desperately try to breathe, but I can’t. He keeps the length of his cock buried in

my throat, eyes holding mine in a challenge.

“Breathe through your nose, Anya.”

I listen to him, drawing as much oxygen as I can through my nostrils.

It stills doesn't feel enough as his length remains lodged in my airways.

I claw at his thighs, which only seems to spur him on harder.

“That's it, open your throat for my cock like a good girl,” he purrs, and my body responds like the traitor it is.

His praise makes me even wetter and I know in that moment there's something fundamentally wrong with me for liking this. He's choking me on his cock—a man that's practically a complete stranger—and I'm loving every single second.

He goes so deep I feel like I'm going to throw up, but I don't have any contents in my stomach to throw up, since it's been a long time since I ate last.

Tears prickle at my eyes and then fall down my face as I struggle to breathe enough oxygen through my nose, saliva spilling down my face.

I must look fucking disgusting and yet Valery is staring down at me as if I'm the best thing he's ever fucking seen before.

“Such a good girl taking my cock right down that pretty little throat.” His jaw tightens. “I want you to swallow every drop of my cum. Do you understand?”

I nod my head as best I can with his cock, keeping my head at such an odd angle.

“Good,” he groans, his fingers tightening in my hair as he fucks my face harder, slamming into my throat with even more force.

And then he roars, the only warning before a flood of hot cum hits the back of my throat, which I struggle to swallow all

of, some of it spilling out the side of my mouth.

Choking, I keep trying to swallow as he drains every drop into my throat. His hand moves between my exposed thighs, and he thrusts three thick fingers inside of me, the sudden invasion sending me right back to the edge of a cliff.

I swallow hard, looking into his dark eyes that are burning like hot coals in a hearth. Slowly, he pushes me higher and higher toward heaven and I let him, shutting my eyes as the pleasure takes over the rational part of my brain.

“I want you to come for me, printessa. I want to feel that tight, virgin cunt squeezing my fingers as you tip over the edge.”

His fingers thrust in harder and faster, added to his dirty talk makes me putty in his hands.

“Oh, fuck, yes, Valery!” I scream his name as I come apart, my pussy flooding with more juice as I experience the most intense orgasm of my life.

I’m panting for oxygen as my body convulses for him. And he just watches, an odd look in his eyes.

“I told you I’d make you mine, malishka,” he mutters, pulling his fingers from between my thighs and licking them clean. “Delicious.”

Heat radiates over the surface of my skin like blisters from the sun, and it feels like I’m going to die of shame as the orgasm wears off.

“Come on,” he murmurs, throwing me a fresh shirt, which I imagine belongs to him. “Put this on and let’s go and discuss what you can do for me.”

Heat slams into me as I wonder what more he could want, and then I realize he’s talking about with my father. Shame coils through me as I throw the shirt on and button it up, following him out of the dungeon toward freedom, but I fear I may have just sunk myself deeper into captivity.



## VALERY

*K*onstantin folds out a map on the large boardroom table at our headquarters, glancing at me.

“If the information you got from Anya is correct, then this is the entrance in and out of his estate without detection.” He points to the western corner of the house where Anya claims there’s a ventilation duct cover that is easy to pry free and big enough for my men to get inside. Heat radiates through my gut at the mention of what I got from Anya, as it wasn’t only information.

That beautiful angel took my cock down her throat like a fucking pro, and I’ve hardly been able to think of anything else. I’ve not told Konstantin my plan for her yet, not until we get the upper hand on Grigory first.

I don’t know if I trust her yet, but I believe she hates her father enough to betray him. The only way we’re going to defeat Grigory is to infiltrate the heart of his operations, his home. I hate to admit it, but Konstantin is right that we don’t have the manpower to take him on head to head in a war on the streets.

A war on the streets would be long and bloody, but this idea is ingenious if it works. It would fast track us to success faster than I ever could have imagined.

“Do you think Anya is telling the truth?” Konstantin asks.

“Honestly? Yes, because her father has basically left her to the wolves with that price on my head and she knows it.”

“You told her about the reward.” He looks surprised.

“I needed something to bargain with.”

He nods, but he doesn't look convinced by my actions. “How many men are going to enter?”

“A small group. We just need to make it to his study here and steal his ledgers.” I tap the area on the map where Anya assures me his study is.

The blueprints were easy to obtain from the construction company, but they didn't have the details of what each room was and that's where Anya came in.

“Who do you want on this mission?”

I tap my chin, considering it. “You and me, obviously.”

He nods as if that's a given.

“And get Dimitry and Aleksei briefed and ready to move tonight.”

“Tonight? Isn't that a bit hasty?”

I shake my head. “No, we can't delay. Grigory will hate that I've made him look weak by taking his daughter and evading his reward for well over forty-eight hours.” I run a hand across the back of my neck as I walk to the dresser on the far right wall and pour myself a large vodka, tipping it back. “The faster we strike, the better.”

“Okay, but do we need to have backup stationed outside in case things go south?”

I glance at Konstantin, as he's being rather pessimistic, which isn't like him. “It won't go south, but you can have a group of three men stationed in a van on the perimeter for safety.”

He nods, looking thankful that I didn't disagree with having backup close. “Leave it to me and I'll arrange it. What time do you want to meet and where?”

“Meet back here in three hours. We'll get there just for nightfall, as it will be easier to infiltrate in the shadow of dusk.”



Konstantin nods and bows. “Yes, sir.” He walks away, leaving me to my own chaotic thoughts.

Tonight could go wrong and I might not walk out alive, and for some reason, that thought drives me to head upstairs to pay the caged angel a visit.

I walk out of my study and head down the corridor toward the plush carpeted staircase that leads to the bedrooms on the second floor.

Anya is in a small room that sits to the right of my bedroom, as I wanted her to be close.

Opening the door, I feel my lungs constrict when I see her lying peacefully in the center of the queen size bed, sleeping.

The idea of having my way with her while she sleeps makes me harder than nails, as it’s been two days since the incident in the basement and I haven’t touched her again.

Instead, I gave her some creature comforts as proof she could trust me with some of her father’s secrets, like where he keeps his business ledgers. Ledgers that would give us a power over him that we don’t currently hold.

They have details of all his business dealings in Moscow and will work as a roadmap to bringing him down from the inside, if we can get our hands on them.

I clear my throat as I shut the door relatively hard, trying to startle her from sleep.

She groans, rolls over, but remains asleep.

I roll my eyes and move closer, watching the way her chest heaves with each heavy breath.

It feels a little odd the way I could enjoy just watching her, but I need her to wake.

“Anya,” I say her name, but she doesn’t stir.

I shake my head and crawl onto the bed next to her, lying down by her side. Slowly, I drag my fingers down her exposed arm, watching as goosebumps prickles over her flesh in their wake.

Anya shudders at the light touch, her lips falling open on a soft gasp. I lean forward and capture her lips, enjoying the pillowy softness of them against my own. I thrust my tongue between her parted lips and she moans into my mouth, driving me crazy.

“Wake up,” I murmur against her lips.

Her eyes fly open suddenly, wide and as beautiful as the ocean. She pushes my chest, trying to move me away, but I don’t budge. “What the hell? Haven’t you heard of knocking?”

I smile. “You sleep like the dead, so that wouldn’t have worked. I cleared my throat and said your name, to no avail.” I shrug. “So I thought a more physical approach was necessary.”

She looks at me angrily, shaking her head. “What do you want?”

I wrap my fingers around her throat and enjoy the way her pulse rollercoasters beneath my skin, pounding harder and faster. “That’s no way to speak to your future husband, is it?”

“You are delusional if you think that will ever happen.” She rolls her eyes, but she can’t mask the flash of desire in her blue depths.

I tighten my grasp on her throat. “We’ll see.” There’s a certainty in my bones that Anya is supposed to be by my side through every up and down this life might throw at me.

No matter what she says, she’ll come to realize it in time.

“I’m going into the lion’s den tonight as per your instructions.”

Her nostrils flare, fear igniting in her eyes, but I can’t understand why. “You better be careful.”

I smirk. “Are you worried about me, printessa?”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” She turns her nose up, but I see the truth in her eyes. For some unknown reason, she is worried about my welfare.

“How about a goodbye kiss?” I ask.

Her eyes narrow as she looks at me warily. “I’d rather not.”

“I don’t care what you’d rather do.” I yank her toward me and press my lips to hers, kissing her deeply.

She moans, her entire body relaxing as I pull her against me. The need tightens my gut as I realize there’s no way I’m going to be satisfied with a kiss. Anya is only wearing a skimpy little night dress I supplied her with, giving me perfect access to her beautiful cunt between her thick thighs.

She gasps as I slip my fingers between them, gently parting her wet lips and then delving inside. Her gasp is such a sexy sound it makes me painfully hard, and I know this isn’t what I should be doing mere hours before a dangerous heist.

I should be making preparations, but I’ll leave it to my men.

“Tell me the truth, Anya. You love it when I touch you,” I breathe into her ear, before nipping the lobe with my teeth.

Her brow furrows, and she gives me a furious stare. “No, you touch me without permission and think that’s okay.”

“It is okay because you belong to me.”

Her nose wrinkles. “I don’t belong to anyone.”

I smirk and delve my fingers deeper, making her melt as her eyes flicker shut.

“Stop that.”

I kiss her neck. “Stop what? Making you feel good?”

She sinks her teeth into her bottom lip. “Stop touching me.”

“Why would I do that when you are melting for me?” I thrust my fingers in harder and deeper, making her groan. “You love it really, even if you try to tell yourself you don’t.”

I wrap a hand around her throat, enjoying the way terror enters her pretty blue eyes. Her breathing labors and her pulse

skips under my fingers. “You are my prisoner, Anya, and that means you are mine to do with as I want.”

Her tongue darts out over her bottom lip, drawing my attention to them as sparks flare between us. It’s electric and addictive.

“Even if I resist?” Anya questions.

I smirk at that, shaking my head. “And yet you can’t resist because you are dripping for me, desperate to be filled up with my cock.”

Her eyes widen and she shakes her head. “That’s not true.”

“It’s the truest thing I’ve said all fucking day.” I kiss her then, my hand still wrapped around her throat. “You are gagging for it, even if you try to tell me and yourself you aren’t.”

Her throat bobs violently beneath my hand. “I will fight you if you try to take me against my will.”

I arch a brow. “Is that right?” My fingers move to her breast and I caress them through the thin fabric of her nightgown. “Fight me then. See who comes out on top.”

Her jaw clenches and she tries to push my hand away feebly, making me chuckle.

“Is that all you’ve got, printessa?” I shake my head. “Not a very convincing fight.” I pull my cock out of my pants, desire tightening its stranglehold around my neck. “I’m going to make a mess of this pretty pussy so you can think about me while I’m gone.”

Her eyes flash with fire, but she doesn’t try to stop me as I kneel between her spread legs, knowing that soon I’ll have her like this and plow into that virgin cunt, but not yet.

Wrapping my fingers around the girth of my shaft, I start to masturbate, knowing it won’t take long to come all over her.

“What are you doing?” she asks, her voice laced with need as she watches me with hooded eyes.

“I’m going to make you watch me come and enjoy the way you crave my cock while you watch.”

Her nose wrinkles and she glares at me. “That’s bullshit.”

I smirk. “Why? Because you want to touch it?”

She shakes her head. “Definitely not.”

I keep stroking my length up and down, watching her expression carefully. No matter how much she tries to tell me that she doesn’t want it, I can see it written all over her face.

She may not want to admit it out loud, but Anya has it bad for me. And that fact only makes me harder, as my balls draw up, thinking about how good it’s going to feel plowing my cock into her virgin cunt for the first time.

“Fuck, malishka. I can’t wait to tear your tight little hole apart with my cock.”

Her lips purse as she tries to fight to hold in a moan that’s trying to break free.

It’s amusing to watch as her eyes dilate, fixed on my cock.

“That’s right, watch me while I stroke it, fantasizing about it inside of you.”

Her expression shutters again as she glares at me. And that look is all it takes.

“Fuck,” I growl, tipping over the edge and shooting my cum all over her exposed thighs and cunt, as well as getting some on her nightgown.

Anya looks down at the mess I’ve made, fire blazing in her crystal blue depths. “What the hell?”

I lean down and kiss her hard. “That’s for you to remember me by until I return.” Slowly, I push my semi-hard cock back into my pants and get off the bed. “See you later, printessa.” I wink at her and then leave without giving her release, enjoying the prospect that she’s waiting for my return, desperate for more.



## ANYA

I pace up and down the little bedroom that Valery brought me to and locked me inside. A step up from the dark, dank basement. But I'm going fucking insane in here, especially after his last visit.

The bastard came on me like I was some kind of whore, and yet I loved every second, even if I denied it vehemently at the time.

Once he left, I couldn't help myself. I had to come, but it was greatly lacking. After the way he made me climax in that basement, I can't find release like it.

Valery may have taken the information I supplied, but he doesn't trust me yet to roam his home freely. You'd assume that's why I'm pacing up and down, out of boredom, and yet that's not it.

He intended to break into my father's home to do God knows what, and I gave him access to the inside and a detailed description of where each room is.

I realize I'm worried that Valery won't make it back in one piece, which is ridiculous. It shouldn't matter to me whether he survives or not.

And yet somehow he's taken captive of more than just my physical being. On a certain level, I'm already addicted to the way he makes me feel when he touches my body. It makes me question my sanity, but I've never felt so connected to another human being before, even if he can be demanding and domineering.

I hear someone slide the key into the door to my bedroom, hope rising in my chest. It swings open to reveal a middle-aged woman holding a tray of food. "I've got dinner."

My shoulders drop as I'd really hoped it was him, but I smile at her as she reminds me a little of Nadia, and from the scent of the food, she's a good cook, just like her. "Is that beef stroganoff?"

Her expression lightens slightly. "Yes, I hope you like it."

I nod. "I love beef stroganoff and it smells delicious."

"Good." She places the tray down on the side. "As I've given you a large portion and some homemade bread."

I jump up, forgetting that I'm still wearing the nightgown that Valery made a mess of.

Her brow furrows when she sees what I'm wearing, and I quickly grab a sheet off the bed and wrap it around myself.

"Sorry, I don't have any clothes."

She chuckles, shaking her head. "Don't worry about it." She tilts her head. "What's your name?"

"Anya," I reply, sitting down next to the coffee table where she set down the tray. "What's yours?"

"The name is Dina. It's nice to meet you, Anya." She holds a hand out to me.

I shake it. "And you, Dina."

She nods. "Well, I'll leave you to it. Give me a shout if you need anything."

I arch a brow. "And how would I do that?"

She gestures toward a telephone by the bed. "Dial fifteen and it will go through to me in the kitchen."

I arch a brow. "Like room service at a hotel?"

She chuckles. "I guess so, but just know I'm quite busy, so don't ring constantly."

I hold a hand to my chest. "I wouldn't dare, but it's very kind of you, thanks."



“So, is there anything else I can get you, Anya?”

I search her eyes. “Yes, to be honest, I could really do with stretching my legs. How about I eat this in the kitchen with you as my supervisor?”

Her expression turns concerned as she glances toward the half-open door. “I think I would get in trouble.”

“It would save you coming back for the tray and I wouldn’t mind a nice ice cold glass of Kompot if you have some.”

Her eyes widen. “Of course we have Kompot.” She bites her bottom lip and then nods. “Okay, just this once. I’ll allow you to accompany me and eat in the kitchen.” She glances at my attire. “Are you going to come down wrapped in a sheet?”

Heat blazes through my cheeks as I shake my head. “One second. I think I saw a robe in the bathroom.” I rush into the bathroom and take the bathrobe off the back of the door, wrapping it around myself and tying the belt around my waist.

It may be manipulative to get her on side for a bit of freedom, but I have no intention of running. Valery may not trust me to roam the corridors of his home, but I’m fed up with being cooped up like a chicken.

And this woman seems friendly enough to engage in good conversation while I wait for him to return. A distraction that I need since I’m going crazy thinking about what might happen to Valery.

My home is heavily guarded, and I told him as much, but he just smirked and told me not to worry. The cocky bastard.

His home is lavish and beautiful, but perhaps not as pompous as my father’s house.

There’s an understated class to the decor, and this is carried through to the kitchen.

I always loved the kitchen in our home, but this one is even nicer. “Wow, nice kitchen.”

Dina’s brow raises. “Are you into cooking?”

I shake my head. “No, just consuming.”

She laughs. “I like you, Anya.” Nodding to the island. “You can eat there where I can keep an eye on you.” She winks.

I sit down on a stool and glance around, not really feeling hungry.

Knowing it would be offensive not to eat some of the food, I spoon the stroganoff into my mouth. “Delicious,” I say, and it truly is. “So how long have you worked for Valery?”

Her brow furrows hearing me address him by his first name. “I have worked for the Morozov family for over twenty-five years. His father employed me.”

“Is Valery a fair employer?” I ask.

“Yes, why do you ask?”

I shake my head. “No reason. I’m just trying to work him out, is all.” The fact is I’m intrigued by the man who has snatched me from my home, but has he freed me, really? As I’ve been a prisoner in my own home since I can remember.

Not to mention, his primal claim that he owns me is intoxicating.

Any of the men that my father had introduced me to were nothing like him.

He’s dark, dangerous and beautiful, even with the scar through his right eye.

“Well, he’s much more ambitious than his father, that’s for sure.” She sighs heavily. “Perhaps too ambitious for his own good.”

I nod. “Perhaps.” It is ambitious to believe that he can bring down the Lebedev Bratva, but someone will best my father in the end.

“Why exactly are you locked in that room?” Dina asks, looking a little unsure about asking me.

“Because of who I am.”

Dina's brow furrows. "And who are you?"

"The daughter of Grigory Lebedev."

Her mouth falls open. "Shit, I really will be in trouble for letting you out." She glances toward the entrance of the kitchen nervously.

"Don't worry. I've got no intention of running. It's just suffocating in that room."

She twiddles her thumbs nervously. "That's not the point. I don't have the authority to free a prisoner."

"I wouldn't say I'm really a prisoner, since I've agreed to help Valery against my father."

"Why would you do that?"

"Because my father put a price on Valery's head the moment he heard of his demands to release me. He wouldn't sacrifice anything for my life, so I won't die for him."

She nods. "Fair enough." Her lips purse together. "Hard to believe your father would just leave you with his enemy, considering how much power he holds."

"Not hard for me to believe."

"Won't it make him look weak?"

I nod. "Yes, which is why he's put a price on Valery's head. That's his way of getting back at him."

She looks disgusted. "I'm sorry you have a father like that."

"Me too," I say, sighing.

"However, you really should go back to your room."

I pout at her. "Just a little longer? You haven't even given me my Kompot yet."

Her eyes widen. "I haven't, have I?" She scurries toward the fridge to fetch the traditional Russian drink I love so much and pours me a glass. "Just the time it takes you to drink that glass of Kompot, and then back to the room, got it?" Her expression is stern, like a mother telling off a child.

I nod in response, having every intention of taking my time drinking it. I'm not ready to go back to that room yet, and Valery will no doubt be awhile, since he's breaking into his arch nemesis's home.

*Hell, he may not even make it back.*

My stomach twists at the thought as I sip on the fruity drink, wishing I didn't care so much whether Valery makes it back or not. He's nothing to me, and yet within days of meeting him, I have developed an attachment to him I can't quite explain.



## VALERY

“This is it,” Konstantin says, peering at me through the holes in his balaclava.

I stare at the ventilation hole, uncertain whether we can really fit through there. It looks too small. “I’ll go first,” I say, knowing that as the Pakhan I need to show strong leadership, even with only two of my men present.

The men don’t protest against me going first, as I move forward and climb into the vent.

“Tell me again, first left and then a right?” I confirm.

Konstantin’s voice comes from behind. “That’s it, as simple as that. We’ll be behind you.”

“Okay, let’s do this.” I move forward, hating how claustrophobic it makes me feel as the walls close in on all four sides. For a petite little thing like Anya, crawling through the vents like this must be simple, but I’m anything but petite.

After struggling my way to the first turn, I take the left tunnel, which is marginally bigger and gives me room to breathe. Behind me I hear Konstantin curse, as he’s even broader than me.

After what feels like an age of crawling down the shaft, I come to another turn and take the right one, seeing a light up ahead from what I can only assume is Grigory’s study.

Anya explained that the tunnels interconnect every room and that we could use the ducts to get into his study and then

go straight back the way we came, as there's no need to venture into the building and risk getting caught.

I speed up at the prospect of getting the fuck out of these vents, coming to a stop behind the slatted grill. Listening, I don't hear anyone on the other side and can't see any movement, so I pull the screwdriver out of my pocket and loosen off the grill. Once it's loose, I pull it into the vent and prop it on one side, knowing that dropping it could be game over. Using my upper chest strength, I lower myself down into the room and drop to my feet.

Glancing around, his study is about double the size of mine and lavish to a fault.

How the fuck can anyone get work done in this place?

It's too gaudy and it would be distracting in my opinion to focus, as everything glistens in fucking gilt.

Konstantin drops down next to me. "What are you waiting for, sir?"

He has a point. We need to find the ledgers as fast as possible. I shake my head. "Sorry, just taking in the obnoxiousness of the room."

He smirks. "Right? It's crazy."

Dimitry and Aleksei drop down behind us. "What now, boss?" Aleksei asks.

"You two check those filing cabinets over there." I glance at the desk. "I'll check the desk, and Konstantin can check that dresser."

All three of them nod in unison and do as they're told, as I walk to the desk and take a seat behind it. Slowly, I pull open the draws and rifle through them, ensuring I don't make too much noise.

My three men do the same, pulling apart Grigory's study in the search of his ledgers.

It takes longer than I'd hoped until Dimitry suddenly lifts the folder. "Got it."

It's thick, thicker than I expected, as I stand and approach, snatching the information from his hand. "Perfect." I flip through the folder to ensure it's what we came here for. "This is it, boys."

Heavy footsteps heading our direction make all of our heads snap toward the study door.

"Aleksi and Dimitry, out now with this." I thrust it into Dimitry's hand.

He doesn't hesitate, pulling himself up into the vent, followed by Aleksi.

I glance at Konstantin and nod toward the vent. "Now."

Konstantin hesitates.

"Konstantin, don't make me say it again."

He swallows hard and pulls himself up into the shaft just as the door to the study swings open.

A guard holding a gun enters and his eyes widen when he sees me standing there, lifting the gun. "Don't move!"

I hold my hands up, ensuring I keep my eyes off the open vent so that he doesn't realize there's more of us. "Don't shoot."

"Who the fuck are you?" he demands, entering the room and closing the gap between us, the finger on the trigger shaking.

This guard is inexperienced and, if I had to guess, has probably never killed before, which is dangerous. He's a bomb waiting to go off at the smallest thing.

"I'm no one," I reply.

His eyes narrow and he nods to the door. "Come on, I'm taking you to the boss. I'm sure he'll find out what the fuck you are playing at in his study."

My heart hammers as I try to formulate a plan, but then a knife flies past my face and lodges in his trachea and his eyes go wide.



The gun drops from his hand and he falls to his knees, blood streaming from his neck.

I glance back and see Konstantin's eyes blazing with murderous rage. "Thanks."

He nods. "Come on, sir. We need to get out of here before it's too late."

I drag the guard out of the way of the door and shut it to buy us more time, and then pull myself into the vent, following Konstantin. "We don't have long to get out of here before he's discovered."

Konstantin makes quick work of navigating back to the entrance we used into the house, where Aleksi and Dimitry are waiting, crouched down low.

"Everything under control?" Aleksi asks.

I shake my head. "Not exactly. We need to get the fuck out of here fast."

As if like clockwork, an alarm sounds around us.

"Shit," Dimitry says. "Let's go."

Leading the way across the grounds, he heads toward the back perimeter fence where we've cut a hole and the van is waiting with my driver, Yevgeniy.

The sound of the engine is the best sound I've heard all day as we hop into the back. "Drive, Yevgeniy."

"Sir." He slams the van into gear and tears away from my enemy's home at breakneck speed.

That was too close for comfort.

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ADRENALINE STILL COURSES through my veins as I storm through the entrance of my own home, the ledgers of Grigory Lebedev safely stowed under my arm.

I don't bother heading to the study to drop them off, my feet taking me in only one direction. Anya's bedroom. I need to have her right now. Tonight I came close to losing everything, and it made me realize I'd regret not fucking her before I die.

Opening the door to Anya's room, I step inside and my footsteps come to a halt when I don't see her in bed. My eyes are drawn to the small adjoining bathroom, which is also empty.

"Mu'dak." I claw my fingers through my hair, turning to go and find someone to strangle for this.

*Who the hell let her out of the room?*

As I spin around and march toward the staircase, she's climbing them two at a time. Her expression falters when she sees me standing at the top of them, no doubt looking furious as I was almost ready to tear off every security guard's head in my employ until someone found her for me.

"Come here," I order, infusing all that rage that built into my tone.

Her slender throat bobs as she swallows and her cheeks redden. And yet she doesn't defy me as she walks up the stairs slowly, approaching me with an air of reluctance.

"How did you get out?"

She meets my gaze with defiance, and I know she's not going to reveal how she got out. "Does it matter? I'm back in time for your return."

Once she's close enough to me, I grab her wrist and yank her into my chest. "Not quite. I didn't say you could roam my home, did I?"

She shakes her head. "No, but—"

"No buts. I want to know who let you out."

Her lips purse together.

"So we are going to do this the hard way, are we?"

She lifts her chin. "Seems like it."

I growl and drag her by her wrist into the bedroom she was supposed to be locked inside.

“Bend over the bed, now.”

She stares at me as if I’m insane, and perhaps I am.

“Now!”

Her face pales as she rushes toward the bed and bends over it, looking at me over her shoulder.

It’s not done to be enticing, but that’s how it looks to me, and I lose it.

Marching toward her, I grab the bathrobe she’s got on and rip it off her body to reveal the same skimpy nightgown she was in when I climaxed on her earlier.

I yank the hem of it up her hips, revealing her beautiful pussy and ass. “Tell me who let you out. This is your last warning.”

Watching me over her shoulder, she sinks her teeth into her bottom lip as a sign she’s not going to speak.

Clearly, Anya is trying to protect whoever allowed her to leave the bedroom. It could have been one of the guards or one of the kitchen staff. Whoever it is, I intend to find out and punish accordingly.

Right now, though, I have a pretty little angel to punish and then fuck in that order.

Flattening my palm, I bring it down against her pale, white ass cheek.

She yelps, her body jolting forward at the impact.

“Tell me, Anya,” I growl.

She shakes her head. “No one. I escaped alone.”

“Bullshit,” I say, spanking her other cheek with even more force.

Instantly, the blood rushes to the surface of her skin, tinging it rose pink. A beautiful sight if ever I’ve seen one, and my cock hardens in kind.

“There’s no way you escaped alone. One of the staff allowed you out, and I need to know who it was.”

“No,” she replies.

I spank her ass cheeks again with even more force, watching as her skin turns from a pink to a dark red. And the way she drips between her thighs doesn’t go unnoticed, either. It turns out my little angel like being disciplined as much as I like disciplining her.

Rage and adrenaline course through my veins as I take it out on her pretty behind.

“Are you going to make me fuck the answer out of you?”

Her eyes widen as she glances at me. “You wouldn’t.”

“I damn well would.” I grip her hips hard and pull her tight against the bulge in my pants. “My cock needs to be buried inside of you, Anya, right now.”

Her nostrils flare. “But I can’t—”

I spank her ass again, cutting her off before she can finish her sentence. “I don’t like the word can’t,” I muse. Grinding my hard cock against her soaking wet center, I get my pants wet, and that makes me even harder. “You are making a fucking mess of my pants, malishka.”

She traps her bottom lip between her teeth as she watches me. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to tear you apart,” I growl.

Her nostrils flare.

“I almost died tonight, Anya. And I can’t die without having that perfect virgin cunt wrapped around my cock at least once.”

Her eyes widen. “You almost died?”

I spank her ass, not wishing to dwell on the fact that if it weren’t for Konstantin’s quick thinking, I would be dead or worse, captured by Grigory Lebedev.

The latter would be a fate worse than death for certain, especially since I stole his daughter. He'd want to make an example out of me.

"You are insane," she murmurs.

"Perhaps, but I'll go fucking crazy if I don't have you."

Anya's brow furrows. "Why?"

"Because I told you, you are mine. Mine to fuck, claim and marry if I damn well want."

Her brow hitches into her hairline. "Marry?"

I shrug. "You are a princess. Might as well be my queen." I pull off my jacket and toss it onto the bed, followed by my shirt.

Her eyes dip down my tattooed torso, lingering briefly on the angry scar across my left pectoral, and they come alive with flames so hot they could burn me alive. "You are definitely crazy."

"And you love it," I murmur, unzipping my pants and dropping them to the floor so that I'm standing in nothing but my briefs. "Lie on your back, printessa."

"Valery," she breathes.

"Now."

With a deep breath, she turns over onto her back and looks up at me with a mix of fear and pure desire. Desire that has the power to tear my world apart and make me realize what life is really about.



## ANYA

Valery looms over me like an angry God in all his naked glory and I feel humbled. I've never seen such a beautiful man in all my life. His briefs are tented over his hard cock, making my mouth water. The tattoos on his body only add to his rugged appeal, as well as the angry scar that stretches across his left pectoral. I want to worship him with my hands, mouth, and body, which is utterly ridiculous. This man kidnapped me, for fuck's sake.

"Are you ready, malishka?"

I swallow hard. "I honestly don't know."

His smile could stop a stampede of horse in its tracks and I feel my nipples harden. "It doesn't matter, because you are going to become mine right fucking now."

I watch as he removes his boxer briefs, so he's wearing nothing, his hard cock ready to plow inside of me.

It's impossibly large and couldn't possibly fit, and yet I want it to. I want him with every fiber of my being.

Slowly, he drags the tip of his cock through my soaking wet entrance, making me shudder with a need like no other. A part of me wants to beg him to fuck me, but I have too much pride for that. Once I admit I want this out loud, it becomes too real.

A sinister smile curls onto his lips. "You are gagging for it, aren't you, printessa?"

I narrow my eyes. "In your dreams."

He shakes his head. “Fine, deny it all you want. The answer is written over your face.” He continues to toy with me, the head of his cock bumping against my sensitive clit.

I sink my teeth hard into my bottom lip to stop myself from moaning, but I fear that I won’t be able to hold on much longer.

He’s torturing me as he watches my expression intently. There’s a sadistic glint in his eyes, as he can sense my irritation.

“Are you ready to be torn apart?”

I swallow hard, shaking my head. “What about protection?”

He arches a brow. “Are you on the pill?”

I shake my head.

He narrows his eyes as if he doesn’t believe me, but I’ve never had reason to be on the pill being a virgin. “Well, your pretty little virgin cunt is going to get its first taste of cum, then.”

My heart skips a beat as I wonder if he’s insane, as risking pregnancy like that makes no sense. “But—”

He grabs my throat and squeezes. “No buts. You will take what you are given like a good girl. Do you understand?”

I swallow hard, common sense and desire battling for dominance in my mind. Deep down I know I should scream at him no, I don’t understand. Risking pregnancy like that with my father’s enemy is ridiculous, but instead I just nod in reply.

After all, this man is going to do what he wants.

“Good girl.” He releases my throat and I hate the way his praise makes me wetter. “I’m going to fuck you so well you won’t be able to walk straight for days.”

I glare at him as that’s a cocky thing to say, but a part of me believes him from the look in his eyes. It’s feral and primal, and I know I might not survive this.



“After I’m through with you, you won’t be able to think of anything but my cock.” He slides the head of his cock through my dripping wet entrance, nudging against my overly sensitive clit.

“Valery,” I moan his name, knowing that there’s no use trying to pretend anymore. I want this so bad.

“Tell me, Anya. Tell me how much you want this.”

I meet his gaze, swallowing what tiny ounce of pride I had left. “I want it so bad. Fuck me.”

The sinful smile that curves onto his lips makes my stomach dip, but only for a brief second, as he suddenly pushes forward and pain bursts through my veins.

“Fuck, no, it hurts,” I shout, trying to wriggle away from him.

He stops and holds me tightly, a vein protruding from his temple as he looks like he’s struggling to control himself. “It will get better. Try to relax.”

“Relax?” I shake my head. “It feels like you are trying to tear me apart.”

“Good,” he growls, sounding more like a beast than a man. And then he continues to push, opening my virgin entrance inch by inch.

The stinging pain of being stretched open by something so thick is almost unbearable as I clamp my eyes shut, waiting for him to stop pushing forward.

“So fucking tight, printessa,” he breathes, his fingertips digging painfully into my hips, but nothing matches the pain of having my pussy stretched for the first time.

As if ripping off a bandaid, he thrusts the last two inches and I scream, feeling him so deep inside me it feels like he’s trying to come out my throat.

“Fuck, that’s it. All the way inside,” he groans, glancing down at where his huge cock has disappeared entirely inside of me.

“It hurts so bad,” I whine.

“Give it a chance. You’ll love it soon enough.”

His words make no sense to me right now, as I can’t work out how I could love this pain.

Slowly, he moves his cock out and I claw at the bedsheets beneath me, trying to find an outlet for the pain.

Valery watches me like a hawk and then slams every inch back inside with no gentleness at all, not that I expected it from him.

“Fuck,” I cry out, clamping my eyes shut again against the intensity of the burning sensation between my thighs.

He leans down and kisses my neck, moving higher to my earlobe. “Relax, printessa. The sooner you relax, the quicker it will feel good.” He nips the edge of my ear, sending a thrilling shock of pain to my core.

I draw in a deep breath, trying to relax through the pain.

“Good girl,” he drawls as he moves his hips out and then back in with such force it steals the oxygen from my lungs.

Slowly, the pain gives way to a pleasure unmatched by anything.

Valery kisses me, his tongue thrusting into my mouth as his cock fills me like I never imagined. Every thrust seems to push him even deeper than I believed possible as the desire in his eyes grows.

It’s insane, I realize in that moment, that I’ve willingly allowed a man who kidnapped me from my home to fuck me. Insane as it may be, nothing has ever felt so natural and right in my entire life.

“How does it feel?” he asks, eyes searching mine.

“So good,” I breathe, clawing my fingers into his thick, dark hair. “Fuck me harder.”

He growls, flashing a row of pearly white teeth that look lethal. “Harder? Are you sure you are ready for that?”

I shake my head. “No, but I want it anyway.”

His nostrils flare and he increases the pace and force of his thrusts, pounding into me with no control, as if my request snapped something inside of him. There’s no mercy as he takes me violently.

Suddenly, Valery’s lips close over one of my rock hard nipples and it feels like my entire world turns into a blazing inferno of unconfined flames. My moans become desperate and impossible to stifle as he licks and sucks at my nipples like a starving animal having its first meal in days.

Valery shocks me then by sinking his teeth into the sensitive flesh, making me yelp in surprise. The sting of pain only adding to the pleasure building inside of me like lava flowing beneath the earth’s crust, ready to explode from a volcano.

I cry out in both pleasure and pain.

Valery groans against my skin. “You are fucking delicious, malishka,” he breathes against my skin, kissing my neck now. “I could spend the rest of my life just devouring you and never get bored with how good you taste.” His fingertips claw harder into my bruised hips as he asserts his dominance over me with his weight, pinning me to the bed effortlessly.

I try to gain some kind of control of the situation, but I have none. Valery is completely and utterly dominating me, and I find it strange that I love it so much. Having no control over the situation is thrilling.

“Please,” I moan, unsure what I’m begging for exactly.

Valery smiles down at me. “Please, what?”

I swallow hard. “I need to come.”

Suddenly, he grabs my throat and squeezes hard. “You will come when I say you can and not a moment before. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I spit.

His cock grows impossibly harder inside of me. His fingers flex a couple of times around my throat before he

releases me, allowing me to draw in a rasping gulp of oxygen. “Such a good girl,” he purrs, his voice sinfully deep as he continues to fuck me.

He captures my lip between his teeth and bites hard enough to draw blood, making me cry out in agony.

“What was that for?” I ask, bringing my finger up to my bloody lip.

“I want to consume you, every part of you.” His eyes flash with a feral delight as he sucks my cut bottom lip into his mouth, tasting my blood like an animal. “You are mine. Every single part of you belongs to me,” he growls, sinking his teeth into my shoulder. “All mine.”

He stops suddenly, searching my eyes. “Tell me who you belong to.” The man looks almost psychotic as I search those dark, almost black eyes of his.

“I belong to you,” I murmur.

“That’s right,” he growls, hips pistoning his cock in and out of me with more force, building a pressure inside of me that feels almost unbearable. The pain that had been there from him tearing through my virginity is obliterated and all that is left is mind-numbing pleasure.

I groan as I dig my fingernails into his scalp, making him hiss.

“You take my cock so fucking well in that tight virgin cunt,” he purrs into my ear.

His filthy language only increases that ever heightening pressure deep within. I open my eyes and find his attention on my face with such intensity and once our eyes meet, electricity blazes like an electrical storm between us, sending my pulse into overdrive.

“I want to feel you come on my cock, printessa. Can you do that for me?”

I bite my bottom lip, the pressure becoming almost unbearable. It won’t be hard for me to come apart for him, but a part of me just doesn’t want this to end.

“Yes,” I breathe, nodding my head.

“Good girl,” he purrs, bending down to suck on my collarbone until I know he’ll leave bruises. “I want to feel you squeeze me like a fucking vice.”

I moan loudly, as he moves his lips to my breast and does the same there, sending a mix of pleasure and pain through my body.

It feels like he’s drawing my soul out of my body at that moment, as he continues with rhythmic thrusts, driving me toward the cliff edge he’s been dangling me over.

“Fuck,” I breathe, dragging my nails down his back as it becomes almost unbearable.

“That’s it, printessa, give in,” he purrs into my ear.

My body starts to convulse violently as I reach the peak of pleasure, the climax slamming into me like a freight train.

“Oh my God, Valery!” I cry, unable to control myself any longer.

The floodgates open as a pleasure like any I’ve ever felt overcomes my body, making me shudder as he fucks me through it, thrusting harder and faster as if he’s trying to break me. I’ve never felt anything like it.

“Fuck, Anya,” he practically roars into my ear. “I can’t hold on any longer.”

I feel his cock grow impossibly hard inside of me, and then the sensation of him shooting his cum deep within me. I should be panicking over the fact that we’re using no protection, but I can’t seem to care about it at that moment.

My mind is a blank canvas of pure, white-hot pleasure. No reasonable thoughts flood it as he turns me into a puddle for him. I’m panting for oxygen by the time he’s finished, as he rolls off of me, resting his arm against his forehead.

Silence envelopes us, and somehow it’s not awkward as I shut my eyes, feeling more satisfied than I’ve ever felt.



## VALERY

*M*y eyes flicker open and instantly I startle when the room appears foreign to me.

And that's when I realize that I'm in the guest room with Anya. I'd fallen asleep after fucking her a few more times, totally exhausted and unable to move after exerting so much energy.

Anya's chest rises and falls as she sleeps on her back next to me, the moonlight flooding through the window and bathing her angelic face in an otherworldly glow.

A tightness constricts around my chest and guilt sinks in my gut. This shouldn't have happened, and yet it felt like I was powerless to stop it.

Ever since I set eyes on Anya, something inside of me shifted.

I walked into that basement fully expecting to want to torture and harm the daughter of my enemy, and instead, all I wanted to do was claim her for my own.

I guess it's one way to screw over Grigory, marry her and make her mine.

And yet deep down, I know there's no way we'd be able to remain here in Zelenograd if I did that. Hell, I'm not entirely sure we'd be able to remain in Russia.

Sighing heavily, I pull back the sheets and get out of the bed, knowing that I don't want her to wake next to me. It

brings up too many questions I can't answer, like what the fuck happens now?

Anya wanted me just as much as I wanted her, but it doesn't make it any easier.

She was my captive. A prisoner of fucking war and I took her virginity last night like an uncontrollable heathen. I can't find it in myself to regret my actions. In fact, as I stand and glance back at her, I want to do it again.

My ambition to take control of Moscow has driven me for so many years that I've hardly had time for dating. It's been my sole focus. Anya Lebedev makes me rethink the path I've been taking so far entirely. Thirty years on this earth and I've never been more tempted by something more than taking control of Moscow until now.

"Where are you going?" Anya's voice cuts through the silence and the noise of my overactive brain.

I turn just as I've thrown on my suit jacket, adjusting the cuffs. "I've got a lot of work to do."

Her eyebrows pull together. "At four o'clock in the morning?"

I am generally an early riser but she's right, four o'clock in the morning is ridiculously early. "Yes, because I can't sleep, so best to get a head start."

Her lips purse together and she nods. "Fair enough."

I can see the disappointment written over her face that I'm bailing on her, and a part of me wants to change my mind. A part of me wants to get back under the covers and show her just how much I don't want to leave, but I need to clear my head and get some space from this vixen.

I climb onto the bed and grab her throat firmly, angling her chin up. "Give me a goodbye kiss, printessa."

Her nostrils flare as heat burns in her crystal eyes. "What's in it for me?"

I smirk. "You know you want to kiss me."



“Arrogant,” she says, turning her face away.

I move my hand from her throat to her chin and force her face toward mine. “Don’t disobey me, Anya.”

Her expression turns furious, but I don’t care as I meld my lips to hers, sparks igniting in my blood and driving me crazy. My cock hardens instantly and I realize it was a mistake to come within a foot of her.

Anya moans as my tongue delves into her mouth. It’s at that moment I know I can’t linger here any longer or I’ll end up losing my senses and fucking her again, and until Grigory is dealt with, claiming Anya as my own is risky business.

Breaking apart, I move off the bed. “Now get some sleep.” I wink and walk away from the bed without another glance at the pure temptation spread out naked on the bed behind me.

There’s plenty of time for me to have my way with her as much as I damn well want, but first I need to figure out how I’m going to bring her father down once and for all.

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THE LEADERS I’ve appointed within my organization are gathered around a dining table at the back of the traditional Russian restaurant that used to belong to my grandfather, Kochevnik. It’s our main meeting point for all bratva business.

“I’m sure you are all aware that Grigory has put a price on my head?”

Yaroslav and Denis exchange a look that tells me they’ve both already discussed it. The reward Grigory is offering would be attractive to most of my men, and I’m not stupid enough to think they haven’t all considered it.

“No matter how tempting it may be. You won’t survive long enough to take it from my shoulders.” I give those two a pointed look and they both stare down at the table, unable to look me in the eye.

The lower-ranking men will be even less loyal, so I'm expecting to have to watch my back until this blows over.

"However, we have to be vigilant now that a war has erupted between our two organizations." I clear my throat and steeple my hands in front of me on the table. "Yaroslav, make sure that our suppliers aren't getting twitchy over this. I want them reassured that business goes ahead as usual."

Yaroslav nods. "Of course, sir."

"The rest of you need to keep your men in line. It's as simple as that. Make it clear that any traitors will be dealt with swiftly and harshly."

Konstantin clears his throat. "And how are we going to handle Grigory?"

"I'm sure he suspects I was the one who broke into his home and stole his ledgers." I hold up the file, which is gold dust in my hands. "I know every price he pays his suppliers and how much he pays the politicians to keep them on his side. All the details are here, giving me a chance to steal them all away at a higher price."

Denis clears his throat. "That's smart, but what if people are loyal to Grigory and rat you out?"

I shrug. "Some will surely remain loyal, but not all. Money always talks."

Konstantin nods. "It makes sense, but I fear that our problem isn't finding supporters, but the fact that his men outnumber us three to one."

I'm surprised to hear Konstantin opposed to my plan as I glance at him. "Our numbers will grow as Grigory loses his contracts and the men desert the Lebedev Bratva."

He doesn't look convinced, but just nods his head.

"However, we won't be the ones to make the first strike physically. I will set in motion my plan, but he's yet to take a punch and therefore we must wait before we declare all out war."

“Why don’t we give his daughter back and play the long game, slowly dismantling his operation with the ledgers?” Stas suggests.

Konstantin already asked me that previously, and I told him it would make us look weak, but it’s not the only reason I can’t give her back. “Because the Morozov Bratva stands by its actions and doesn’t back down at the first sign of trouble.”

A few of the men around the table grumble, as none of them want this war. It will be bloody and dangerous and the likelihood is many of their men won’t survive if it comes to blows with the Lebedev Bratva.

“We were doing so well. This year has been the best we’ve had since I joined the bratva under your father,” Denis says, shaking his head.

I hate moaners, so I glare at him, standing. “If you have a problem with it, you are welcome to stand down from your position.” I cross my arms over my chest. “If we secure Moscow, think how well the Morozov Bratva will be doing in one year’s time.”

Ilya, one of my most respected Boyevik, clears his throat. “It’s a pipedream, no offence, Valery.” He runs a hand across the back of his neck. “Grigory will die before he steps down in Moscow.”

I hate that even my men aren’t behind my quest for Moscow. Is it possible that I’ve become too ambitious? They always knew I didn’t want to remain in Zelenograd, but it’s up-and-coming territory.

“What do you suggest then, Ilya?”

Ilya looks hesitant about answering, which is unlike him. Normally, he’s outspoken and confident about his opinions. “I hate to say I agree with Stas. Give the girl back and grovel to Grigory for forgiveness.”

“Grovel?” I spit, unable to believe that Ilya would ever use that fucking word with me. “Do you take me for the kind of man who grovels to my enemies?” Rage is infecting my blood like a virus as I glare at him.

“No, but I can’t see another way out that doesn’t lead to the destruction of the Morozov Bratva,” Ilya says.

I clench my fists and pace the length of the little room, feeling claustrophobic suddenly. It’s insane to believe that Ilya thinks our only way out of this is by groveling to a man I can’t fucking stand. The fact is, I’d die before I resort to that measure.

“There’s no way in hell that I’ll ever backdown to Grigory Lebedev. He’s not even made a move past putting a price on my head.” I run a hand through my hair. “Let’s see what he does next when that doesn’t work.”

Ilya bows his head and purses his lips, backing down from the argument, but I can tell from the look in his eyes that he doesn’t agree with my decision to stay the course.

Stas clears his throat. “How do you intend to avoid the assassins that Grigory has no doubt set loose on you?”

“I don’t need to avoid them.” I give him a stern stare. “Let them come, and we will see who is still standing by the end of the fight.” Cracking my knuckles, I glance at each of the men individually. “Are there any other matters we need to address today?”

Yaroslav stands. “Yes, those revolutionary fanatics are giving us trouble in the west of our territory.”

*Great.*

Another issue to deal with. I hate the fanatics who believe they’re going to take down the government and take control, even though their numbers are pathetic. This isn’t 1917, and revolutions just don’t work in this day and age.

“What’ve they been up to now?”

His jaw works. “They hit our last shipment at the docks, but didn’t get away with the cargo.” He shrugs. “It seems they’re getting more ballsy, though.”

I run a hand across the back of my neck, as I can’t let idiots like that make me look weak, especially not when we’re about to go to war with the biggest crime boss in Moscow.

“Intimidate them. Send a team of guys into their territory and tell their leader to back the fuck off before we murder them all.”

Yaroslav nods. “Of course. I’ll get onto it as soon as we finish this meeting.” He looks thankful for my reply, as if he’s hungry for the blood of these revolutionaries.

“Any other business?”

I’m met with silence, which I’m thankful for because this bullshit meeting has been driving me insane. All I want to do is return home and take my frustrations out on the pretty little princess waiting locked in her room for me to return.



# ANYA

A loud bang startles me awake, forcing me into an upright position. I glance around in a sleepy daze, panicking as my surroundings are so unfamiliar. Until suddenly the memories of the past few days return and I relax, strangely enough.

I doubt many people would relax, remembering they'd been kidnapped by a mobster. Running a hand across the back of my neck, I realize that I feel sore between my thighs, remembering what happened the night before and feeling my skin turn to flames. When Valery kissed me this morning, it felt right, even though that makes little to no sense.

He left at four o'clock in the morning to work, which seems like a bullshit excuse for running away from what we did. And the complete ridiculousness of the situation, considering I'm his prisoner here.

My father is a workaholic, and he doesn't get up that early, so something doesn't stack up.

Rolling over, I can't help but inhale the scent of him that still clings to the sheets. It's a masculine, woody scent that makes my thighs clench. That man has clawed his way under my skin so effortlessly and, in a way, I'm glad. The rebellious side of me was thankful that my first time wasn't with some middle-aged man my father picked out to be my husband.

I force myself out of the bed, grabbing my robe and wrapping it around me before marching toward the bedroom door, wondering if I'd imagined that he left without locking it.

When the handle turns and the door clicks open an inch, a wide smile spreads onto my lips.

Whether he left it open intentionally or not, I'm not sure, but I don't care.

Freedom is within my grasp and I'm not going to sit around wondering if it was a mistake or not. Instead, I'm going to grab it and hold on to it. Not that I want to escape this house, as I have nowhere to go. There's no way I'd escape one prison just to return to another, especially not as my father had been gearing up his search for my husband.

I shudder as I think about the man he introduced me to the other night. He was creepy and almost old enough to be my father, and I know deep down that's the kind of man my father will pair me with in the end. Sickness twists my gut at the thought.

Valery may have captured me, but there was no doubt from the moment our eyes met there was an electric connection. The kind you read about in books or watch in movies. A connection I never expected to find with anyone in my life, as I've been resigned to my fate since I was little.

Walking down the corridor, I head for the stairs and descend them as I did the other day with Dina, turning down the corridor toward the kitchen to find her. I enjoyed chatting with her yesterday, and I ensured I didn't let it slip she was the one who let me out of the room, as I know what would happen to her.

Dina is in the kitchen, singing while she chops onions.

"Morning, Dina," I say.

She practically jumps a mile at the sound of my voice, spinning around, still clutching the knife. "What are you doing out of your room?"

I shrug. "Valery left the door open. I think he's happy for me to roam the house now."

Her eyes narrow. "Did he tell you that?"



I bite my bottom lip and shake my head. “No, but why didn’t he lock the door if he doesn’t want me to leave it?”

“I’m not sure,” she says, her shoulders relaxing slightly. “All of us were told off about you getting free. Thank you for not revealing it was me.”

I smile. “You are welcome.” I sit down at the kitchen island. “I know what men like Valery are capable of, so I wouldn’t dare snitch.”

“Thank you,” she says quietly. “How about some breakfast?”

I nod as my stomach grumbles. “Sounds good.”

“I’ll whip you up some Blini and I’ve got some homemade jam in the fridge.”

“That sounds amazing.” I relax a little, thankful that Dina is starting to relax, too. I wonder how Nadia is doing at home, knowing that I may not ever see her again. Sitting here with Dina reminds me of her. The woman who has been my salvation for so many years during my imprisonment in my own home.

“It won’t take long.” She nods toward the fridge. “Help yourself to juice in the fridge.”

I do as she says and then sit at the table, waiting for the food as the scent of blini cooking makes my mouth water. Dina is just as good a cook as Nadia, but I can’t help but miss the woman I spent my days with back home.

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“WHAT ARE you doing out of your room?”

That deep voice follows me as I was walking down the corridor, forcing me to freeze at the sound. I can feel the tension coiling through me as that question answers what I’d been contemplating all day, whether he left my door unlocked on purpose.

I turn to face him. “You left the door unlocked. I assumed...” A pain claws at my chest, which is silly. I assumed that perhaps after the information I gave him the other day and the fact I let him take my virginity, that he’d give me the benefit of the doubt.

“You assumed that because we fucked, that means I trust you to walk around my home now?”

Heat flares across my skin as I look down, unable to meet his gaze. Ashamed that he hit the nail on the head and that it hurts to know he doesn’t actually trust me.

“Look at me,” he orders, that alluring dominance clear in his tone.

I bring my eyes up to his. “I thought you left it unlocked on purpose.”

Valery marches toward me and I can see the conflict warring in his eyes. “What have you been doing all day with your newfound freedom?” His hand wraps around my throat tightly and my heart rate gallops faster as I look into this beautiful dark eyes.

His reaction to me being out of the room is uncalled for. “I had breakfast and then explored the grounds this morning. They are rather pretty.”

His eyes narrow. “And then?”

I suck in my cheeks. “Dina cooked me lunch, and we chatted a while. And then she showed me to your entertainment room, where I watched a movie.”

His fingers flex tighter around my throat, making it even more difficult to draw in oxygen. “Are you lying to me, Anya?”

“No, why would I lie?” I ask, unable to understand what exactly he wants from me.

“Because I may have kidnapped you, but I don’t trust you aren’t a spy.”

It feels like a punch to the gut, as I laugh humorlessly. “A spy? Are you fucking serious?”

Valery tilts his head. “Why is that so funny to you? After all, you are the daughter of Grigory Lebedev, my sworn enemy.”

Anger replaces the hurt I’d felt as I glare at the man in front of me. A man I slept with only last night. It’s ridiculous how elation can quickly turn sour. “Because I was practically a prisoner of my father’s most of my life. He doesn’t let me do anything, and you think that I’d spy for him?” I shake my head. “I hate that man.”

“That is a sentiment we have in common.” His eyes narrow. “Prove it.”

“How?” I ask.

Valery drags his tongue over his lip. “Explain your father’s ledgers to me.” He holds up the folder.

I stare at him wide eyed, unable to believe that Valery risked his life for some stupid folder. “That’s why you wanted to break into my home?”

“Yes,” he says simply.

“You have a death wish going after my father like this.”

I realize in an instance that I said the wrong thing as rage flares to life in those almost black eyes of his. He pulls me against his hard body. “Don’t underestimate my power in this godforsaken city.”

His arrogance is laughable because while Valery and his *bratva* do well, they don’t have any influence beyond Zelenograd. “Your power doesn’t stretch past the *okrug* of Zelenograd.”

His grip tightens, making me panic as I claw at his fingers. “If you are trying to piss me off, then you are doing a good job, *printessa*.”

I frown at him, but know when to keep my mouth shut. Valery clearly has a lot of pride and doesn’t like his ego being bruised. Instead, I hold his gaze without cowering away. He may be trying to intimidate me, but the thing is I’ve grown up around men ten times worse than him.

“You may have kidnapped me, but all you did was move me from one prison to another,” I say, knowing that the reason I’ve reacted so calmly to being kidnapped is because this makes a pleasant difference to the prison I’ve spent my entire life in.

His grip loosens. “Your father didn’t imprison you.”

His assumption angers me. “You don’t know what he did. I was never allowed to leave the house unless I had an armed escort, and even then, my outings were limited.” I glare at him with all the anger I feel for my father. “I wasn’t even allowed to finish high school because he got paranoid as I got older that I’d sleep with a boy and ruin his chances to get a high price for my hand.”

A small smile twists onto Valery’s lips as he tilts his head. “Oops, I think you’ve been devalued by me,” he murmurs, his voice dropping an octave as he slips his hand to the back my her neck, pulling me even closer. “And I intend to devalue you every fucking night.”

As if like a flick of the switch, I feel the desire rise inside of me as I drag my tongue over my bottom lip, desperate to feel him inside of me again, even though I’m still sore. “Good.”

Valery yanks me viciously against him, our lips crashing together as he thrusts his tongue deep into my mouth, swiping frantically around it as if he wants to consume me. The way he makes me feel is addictive.

I moan into his mouth as I relax against him, all the tension I felt a moment ago melting away.

After a minute, he breaks away. Eyes dilated with a longing that matches my own. “Let’s take this to my bedroom, printessa.”

I can’t seem to resist him when he calls me that. And all my anger from a moment ago is completely forgotten. “Okay.”

He looks a little surprised at my willingness, but grabs my hand, yanking me down the corridor with haste and then up

the stairs as if he has no patience whatsoever. That electric connection I feel he clearly feels, too.

He bypasses the room I've been staying in and opens the door to the next room. Before it has even swung shut, he pulls me against him and kisses me with such desire it makes me weak at the knees.

I claw onto his shoulders for support as he starves my lungs of oxygen with the passion of his kiss. After a long while, I pull away in an effort to draw oxygen into my lungs.

Those dark brown eyes meet mine, and I know that there's no going back. I'm addicted to this man in a way I never believed possible. I want him with every fiber of my being and the way he's looking at me, I sense he feels exactly the same way.



## VALERY

*A*nya is watching me quietly, waiting for my next move. I haven't eaten dinner, but I'm not hungry. The only thing I have an appetite for is my stolen princess. The confidence in her gaze surprises me, but yet everything about Anya Lebedev surprises me.

I expected a spoiled princess who would panic the moment she was captured, acting hysterical. Instead, she was admirably calm and almost relieved, as if she'd been freed.

As I look into those stunning blue eyes, I want to trust her with my life, which is insane. She's the offspring of my enemy. The last person on this earth I should trust.

"What next, Valery?" she asks, her voice sweeter than sugar.

I grit my teeth together. "How about you be a good girl and bend over the bed?"

She purses her lips. "What are you going to do to me?" The sultry tone in her voice nearly breaks my resolve.

Even with all the shit going on with my bratva, I've been distracted by thoughts of this beauty waiting at home for me. And now it feels like all of my troubles melt away as she looks at me with as much hunger as I feel for her.

"Punish you for leaving your room without my permission." I crack my neck. "You need a good spanking."

Her cheeks turn a deeper red as she draws in a shaky breath, arching a brow before turning around and bending over

my bed so damn willingly it almost breaks me. And then she glances over her shoulder, giving me a seductive look that makes a growl tear from my chest.

A tingle ignites through my entire body as my cock gets harder than stone. I've never had such a visceral reaction to a woman before in my life. Those blue eyes seem so innocent, but she's anything but innocent with the way she's looking at me, goading me to fuck her.

I stalk toward her and yank her skirt up her hips, exposing her lace clad ass. Grabbing the lacy fabric, I tear them in two so that I can see her tight cunt glistening with her arousal. "So fucking wet for me, aren't you?"

Her body stiffens in anticipation and I decide to surprise her, kneeling down and licking her dripping wet pussy.

"Valery," she gasps my name, her back arching.

And then I give her what she expected, spanking her right ass cheek with heavy force. Straight after I press my lips to the area, I drag my tongue gently over her skin.

She whimpers, her thighs shuddering in reaction. I repeat it on the left ass cheek and then do it over and over again until she's panting.

"Please, Valery."

I can't help the smirk that twists onto my lips at her begging. My imagination runs wild about how she must look right now, cheeks flushed and eyes full of lust.

"Tell me, Anya. Tell me what it is you want."

A frustrated little grunt escapes her lips. "You know what I want."

I spank her ass cheeks in quick succession. "I said tell me."

"I want your tongue on my pussy," she says.

I groan. "Good girl." I can't hold myself back anymore as I thrust my tongue into her delicious center, lapping up her arousal as if it's vital to my survival.



Every part of me is desperate to make her come. An odd sensation, as I've never been more desperate to pleasure a woman before in my life.

Losing control, I thrust my tongue deeper. Working her into a frenzy as her body shudders in reaction. I let my tongue tease at her clit, making her gasp.

“Oh fuck,” she moans, her back arching even more.

“Tell me you are mine, printessa,” I practically growl, wanting to hear her declare it so fucking badly.

She groans and nods her head. “I'm yours, Valery. Please let me come.”

I grab the tatters of her panties and tear them off of her completely. And then I tease my tongue against her pretty asshole.

Her body floods with tension as she tries to move forward, but I hold her hips tightly, digging my finger into her delicate skin as I continue to tongue her ass.

I can feel my dick leaking into my boxers, but right now all that matters is making my printessa feel good. Her moans only spurring me on as I devour her more ferociously, wanting nothing more than to feel her come apart for me.

“Oh, God,” she whimpers as I drive my tongue deeper, thrusting it into her asshole and drawing a new pleasure from her that she's never experienced.

“That's it, printessa. I want you to come while I tongue your pretty asshole.”

Her answering groan drives me crazy as she claws the bedsheets, her body shuddering as the pleasure becomes too much for her to bear.

And then she's shattering apart. Her pussy gushing with her arousal as she climaxes, screaming my name over and over, which only serves to make me harder than nails.

“Such a good girl. I'm going to give you my cock now.”

She moans, glancing over her shoulder at me as I stand and unbutton my pants, pulling down the zip. Her eyes fixated on my crotch.

“Are you looking forward to seeing it again, Malishka?”

She licks her lips and nods.

“Such a dirty girl. I bet you can’t stop thinking about my cock splitting you in two again.” I pull my pants and boxers down so that I’m naked from the waist. “Now lie on your back for me.”

A natural submissive, Anya spins onto her back and eagerly spreads her thighs, which are wet with her arousal.

I stroke myself hard from root to tip, watching the way her eyes follow my movements with hunger in them. “How about you return the favor and have a taste?”

Her already flushed cheeks flush darker. “I’m not sure what to do. Last time you took control.”

My brow furrows. “So when you said you were a virgin, that extends to anything sexual?”

She nods. “Other than kissing, everything else is new.”

I love hearing that I was the first man to cum down her pretty little throat. “Come here,” I demand. “I want you to crawl on all fours to the edge of the bed.”

She doesn’t hesitate, crawling over to me with an endearing bashfulness in her expression as she struggles to work out whether to look at my face or cock.

I stroke myself harder, precum leaking onto the bedsheets and making a mess.

Once she’s within grasping distance, I grab her hair and pull her the last foot to the edge of the bed, my cock mere inches from her lips. “Open wide.”

The mere prospect of feeling her hot mouth close around my shaft drives me insane as she unhinges her jaw and looks at me for my next instruction. The thing is I’m not patient

enough to let her suck it, I just want to fuck her throat like last time.

So, instead of giving her instructions, I thrust forward and take her mouth as if it were her pussy, hitting the back of her throat with force. She gags instantly, saliva spilling onto my cock and out of her mouth as her bright blue eyes almost bulge out of her head.

I pull all the way out and she starts to speak, “Valery—”

She’s cut off as my cock returns, thrusting just as hard into the back of her throat.

“That’s it, printessa. Take my cock into the back of that tight little throat,” I groan.

She reaches forward with one hand, keeping herself propped up with the other arm, and tries to push me away, but fails.

“Don’t fight it, just breathe through your nose like last time,” I instruct.

Tears gather in her eyes as I continue my relentless assault. If she expected me to be gentle, then she’s going to be disappointed. Precum leaks into her throat as I get closer and closer to exploding, but I hold off, knowing I have no intention of coming until I’m buried inside of her.

Even so, I can’t stop myself as I wrap her long brown hair around my fist and yank her harder onto me. It’s aggressive, but that’s the only way to describe my desire for her, aggressive and all consuming.

My cock rocks back and forth in and out of her throat as she gags on me, saliva spilling everywhere and making a mess. But it’s so damn hot.

Finally, when I know I can’t take anymore, I pull out and she gasps for air as if she is about to die. Her eyes are wide. “That was too much,” she murmurs.

I shake my head, grabbing her throat and leaning down to kiss her lips. “It wasn’t enough. I’ll never get enough of you, printessa.” I thrust my tongue into her mouth again, tasting the

saltiness of my precum on her tongue. “But right now, I need you wrapped around my cock before I go insane.”

I push her back, still holding her throat until she’s lying in the middle of my bed, thighs spread open in invitation. Standing, I pull off my shirt, unable to have the patience to undo the buttons as they fly off in all directions.

And then I climb between her thighs, my cock throbbing. “Are you ready for this?” I ask, stroking myself up and down.

She nods and an eagerness flashes in her bright blue eyes.

I thrust my fingers inside of her, feeling the way her pussy grips them like a vise. “Good, because I’m going to fuck you so hard you won’t be able to walk straight.” I line the head of my cock up with her entrance, holding her beautiful gaze as she goads me with her eyes.

“Tell me what you want, malishka.”

Her lips purse together and then she says one simple word, “You.” Anya is clutching the sheets beneath her as she watches me, eyes dilated.

I thrust forward before she’s finished saying the word, unable to hold back any longer.

“Oh fuck,” she cries, arching her back as inch after inch slips into her soaking wet arousal. Her face contorts from the pain which she no doubt feels, since we only fucked last night and I wasn’t exactly gentle then. She’ll be sore.

I grunt as her muscles are so tight around my shaft it feels like I could explode almost instantly, but I gain my composure, holding myself deep inside of her, my balls resting against her ass. “You feel like heaven,” I murmur.

Leaning down, I capture her lips and she moans against them. And then I pull back and straighten up, grabbing her thighs as I look down into her heated eyes.

“I hope you are ready.”

She nods eagerly. “Please fuck me.”

I snap then, pulling my cock almost all the way out of her, only to slam back in with brute force.

Her moan is a half scream at the intensity as I fuck her like an animal, unable to control the primal need to claim her. Anya trembles beneath me as I take her ruthlessly.

And yet, she eases into it. The scream of pain turns into a moan of pleasure as she becomes more pliable. Her body relaxing as her eyes become almost hazy and glazed over.

“Tell me how it feels,” I demand.

Her nostrils flare. “It feels like I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

I wrap my hand around her throat. “Believe me, you are very much alive, and I’m going to make you feel like this every damn night.”

Her cheeks flush a deeper red, almost burgundy. “Oh, yes,” she cries, eyes flickering shut. The intimacy between us climbing to new heights as our bodies become one. I hardly know where I end and she begins anymore, as if we are two parts of a whole.

I can feel her heart rate accelerating beneath my skin as I squeeze her throat a little harder, noticing the way her pussy gushes around my cock the more I starve her of oxygen.

An odd sensation claws at me as I want to have her above me, which I never want. I always like to be in control. I release her throat and grab hold of her hips and flip her over, my cock still buried inside her as I force her to straddle me. “I want you to ride my cock.”

She sinks her teeth into her bottom lip. Her cheeks flush more, overcome with shyness all of a sudden. “Are you sure? I’ve never done it before.”

“There’s always got to be a first time for everything, malishka.” I spank her ass. “Now ride my cock.”

Hesitantly, she rolls her hips, rising and falling in slow, teasing movement on my cock. I grasp her hips with such

force and begin to guide her with more force, as I can't bear the slow pace she's taking.

Her brow arches. "I thought you wanted me to ride you."

"You were going to slow and soft." I sit up and wrap my palm around her throat again, forcing her lips to mine. "I don't do slow or soft, if you hadn't noticed that already."

She laughs, and the sound is like music to my ears.

"Now be a good girl and fuck yourself on me like you damn well mean it."

"Fuck," she breathes, her head falling back as she starts to rise and fall with more force. Her body bending to my will as I help her, guiding her but not forcing her.

Suddenly, she hits the perfect rhythm and I know I won't last very long with her fucking herself on me like this. And yet I know that I need to be in control when her pretty little cunt climaxes.

So I sit up and grab her hips, stopping her from moving. "Not yet. I'm going to be the one that makes that pussy come. Do you understand?"

Her crystal blue eyes flash with fire. "Yes."

"Good girl." I spank her ass. "Now I want you on all fours for me."

She doesn't hesitate, climbing off of me and eagerly getting into position, glancing over her head. "Like this?"

*Teasing little vixen.*

I growl and get onto my knees behind her, grabbing her hips forcefully. "Exactly." I spank her ass cheeks and she instantly moans, clearly as into the pain as the pleasure.

"Do you like that?" I ask, wanting to know everything that makes her tick.

She nods her head. "Yes, it feels so fucking good."

I growl and knead the skin with my hands, loving the way it tinges a pretty pink almost instantly. Her pussy clenches

around my shaft, making me throb harder.

“Take that cock in that cunt like the dirty little cock slut you are,” I growl.

She moans as I lose control, pounding into her with one goal in mind—both of our climaxes. Every thrust is harder than the last as she moans through my brutal assault.

And then, as if like a firework going off, she screams. Her entire body going rigid as her orgasm crashes into her. And the way her pussy grips my cock sends me over the edge with her. I’ve never had such difficulty controlling myself.

“That’s it. Come for me and milk my cock, printessa.”

She makes the most erotic sounds I’ve ever heard as she comes apart. Her pussy gushing with liquid as I fill her with my cum. Our mutual arousal mixes and starts to drip out of her pussy down her thighs, making me groan at the sight.

“You are fucking perfect, malishka.” I don’t stop rutting into her until I’m certain I’ve drained every drop from my balls inside of her. Pulling my cock from her entices a soft whimpering from her lips, as if she never wanted me to leave.

I’m not going to lie. I never wanted to leave her cunt. I’d die happily buried inside of her. I wrap my arms around her waist and lift her upwards so she’s on her knees and I’m on mine behind her with my chest against her back. “Tell me how it felt,” I demand, massaging her still hard nipples.

“It felt better than anything I’ve ever experienced in my life.” She shakes her head. “At one point, I’m pretty sure my soul left my body.”

I chuckle and kiss her neck, feeling my cock hardening already. “Turn and face me.”

She does as she’s told, shuffling round on her knees so that’s she’s facing me. And then I kiss her, my cock growing harder again while my tongue delves into her mouth, making her moan.

We only break apart once we both have to regain our breath, and she stares into my eyes with a passion that tells me

this night is going to be very long.

She glances down at my semi-hard cock, eyes widening slightly. “Are you ready for more?”

I nod in response. “I don’t intend to stop all night.”

She moans. “Good.”

I can’t help but growl as I grab her throat and angle her eyes to meet mine. “By the time I’m through with you, you might need a fucking wheelchair.”

Her crystal blue eyes flood with determination.

The mere look in those eyes should be a warning that this woman is trouble, especially since she’s the catalyst to this war I’ve started, but I don’t give a shit. Anya Lebedev is mine and I’ll do anything to ensure she remains with me, no matter the costs.

And so I fall into her again, drawing in how good it feels to devour her and lose myself in my printessa. Everything else melts away.





## ANYA

Dina clears her throat, looking at me with an accusing look.

“What?” I ask.

She shakes her head. “You’ve been glowing ever since that first day Mr. Morozov left your door unlocked.” She arches a brow. “Is there something going on with you two?”

Despite wanting to keep cool, heat flares over my skin and I know the answer is written over my face. “Perhaps.”

Her expression turns stern. “I’ve known Valery since he was a little boy and he has a heart of gold under all that crime boss bullshit.” She points at me. “Don’t hurt him. Your family ties are worrying, to say the least.”

It’s amusing that she believes I’d be the one to hurt him. The mob boss who kidnapped me from my home and took my innocence. “What makes you think I’d be the one causing any hurt?”

“Because all the staff have noticed the change in him since you arrived. He’s less short and snappy, which suggests you make him happy.”

The heat that was flaring over my skin intensifies, and I wonder if that could be true. Is it possible that the hardened pakhan of the Morozov Bratva cares for me?

I grab my orange juice and take a long sip. “Believe me, I think I’ll be the one hurt, not him.”

She nods. "As long as you aren't playing him, considering who your father is."

Hurt claws at my throat, as I've told her all about my father and what an asshole he's been to me all my life, and yet she believes I'd still be loyal to him. "I told you, I hate my father." Standing, I head toward the exit. "I'm going to watch a movie."

Dina perhaps senses that she has angered me. "I'm sorry, Anya. You can just never be too careful when it comes to the line of work Valery is in."

I turn to face her.

She shakes her head. "Before Valery's mother died, she made me promise I'd look out for him."

My brow furrows. "When was that?"

"He was only ten years old when she died of lung cancer."

I nod in response. At least his mother left because she had no choice. The pain I've carried for years over my mother's abandonment has been deep-rooted and a weight I wish I could let go of.

"You've never mentioned your mother," she says.

I shake my head. "Nothing to mention. She abandoned me and my brother fifteen years ago."

Dina's brow furrows. "Really?"

I nod in response. "Yes, I haven't heard from her since."

"Who told you that she abandoned you?"

The question seems irrelevant. "My father. Why?"

Her throat bobs as she swallows. "I knew your mother, Anya. She didn't abandon you."

"You knew her?"

She nods. "Maria Lebedev worked in the soup kitchen I volunteered at in Moscow years ago. The day she went missing, there was a lot of talk."

I walk back toward her and take a seat at the kitchen table. “I don’t remember her very well. I was only eight when she left.”

Dina sits down too. “The truth is, the rumor going around was that she’d told your father she was leaving him and taking you and your brother.” Her lips purse together. “She had met a man she loved and didn’t want to pretend anymore with your father.”

Dread twists my stomach as I wonder where this story is going.

“Your father murdered her, Anya. She didn’t abandon you. I know that for certain.”

I stare in shock at the woman in front of me, trying to reconcile the words she just spoke. My father murdered my mother. Surely that’s not possible and yet as I try to convince myself it’s not true, I know deep down it is.

Father is more than capable of murdering his wife if he believed that she was going to leave him for another man. He wouldn’t like his reputation being tarnished like that.

Tears prickle my eyes. “He told us that she ran away, fed up with having to deal with me and my brother.”

“Bastard,” Dina says, her fists clenching. “Your mother was caring and a wonderful person. She never would have left you with that tyrant willingly.”

I fall silent, trying to recall memories of the woman who I’d believed abandoned me at only eight years old. Any of my memories were always hazy, but fond when it came to her, which is why I could never understand her abandoning us.

“I hate that man,” I say.

Dina places a hand over mine. “Try to let go of hatred, as it will only fester.”

It’s not exactly easy to let go of hatred for a man who has restricted my life to the point I felt like a prisoner. And now I find how he also ripped away the one person who truly cared about me and my future. “I’ll try.” I shake my head. “It’s

difficult. I need time for what you've just told me to sink in, I think."

Dina nods. "Of course." She removes her hand from mine. "Do you want any food?"

The thought of eating right now makes me sick to the stomach. "No, thank you. I'll just go and watch a movie." I stand and walk away from her, my mind reeling. There's no way I'll be able to focus on anything now, but I need to be alone with my thoughts, so I head to the entertainment room, anyway.

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VALERY APPEARS in the doorway of the entertainment room, eyes heating the moment they land on me, curled on the sofa under a soft blanket.

"Get dressed, printessa. We are going to have dinner tonight."

I arch a brow. "Dinner?" I can't deny that after the news Dina broke earlier, I don't feel like doing anything.

He nods. "Yes, somewhere special, so dress up."

I narrow my eyes. "In what?"

He smirks. "I put something nice on the bed in the room."

I swallow hard. "Do we have to?"

Valery walks toward me and sits on the sofa. "What's wrong, printessa?"

It is weird that I want to spill my guts to this man. A man that categorically I should hate, but I don't hate him at all. I haven't hated him once even knowing that he wanted to use as me as leverage for his own gains.

"I found out something about my mom today."

"What?" he asks.

I swallow hard, wondering if he too has known all this time that my father murdered her. Am I the only idiot in Moscow who believed she'd just ran away?

“My father told me when I was eight years old that she abandoned us.” I search his dark eyes and I see instantly that he's aware of the truth. “Dina mentioned that's not the case.”

His lips purse together. “No, it's not. I'm surprised he managed to keep you in the dark this long.”

I clamp my eyes shut as the water works threaten to turn on and I don't want Valery to see that vulnerability. Dina may think I'm the one that's going to hurt him, but I fear it will be the opposite.

“I just can't believe I've been such a gullable idiot to have believed my father would have allowed her to run.” I shake my head. “I hate him even more than ever.”

“Look at me,” Valery says.

I open my eyes and a few stray tears escape my eyes.

He reaches up and gently brushes them away, making my chest ache. “That man is a bastard and he'll pay for what he did to you. Do you hear me?”

I don't want him to pay, not the way Valery would make him. With violence, continuing the cycle of murder and death. “How will he pay?”

Valery's brow furrows. “What do you mean?”

“I don't want you to kill him. That's not the answer.”

“And what would you have me do to punish him, then?”

I shake my head. “Nothing. Kidnapping me was good enough.”

He looks disappointed by my answer. “How about I send him a message?”

“What kind of message?” I ask.

The smile on his face is sinister and if it weren't for the fact I'm falling for this man, I'd probably be scared. “Tell me

his favorite place to hang out in Moscow, and I'll wipe it off the map."

My stomach twists at the thought. Father loves spending his time at a strip club he owns in the center of Moscow, called Kapriz. However, it's a popular place and I wouldn't want the girls to get hurt.

"What if people get hurt?"

Valery shakes his head. "I'll hit it when it's closed, so no chance of that happening." He squeezes my hand. "It's up to you though if you don't want me to—"

"No, okay." I nod, as I am so angry with my father. I always said I hated him, but now that hatred has turned into a loathing that knows no bounds. He murdered my mother. "Kapriz. He goes there practically every night."

Valery scoffs. "I should have known it would be somewhere sleazy, like a strip club." He stands and walks toward the telephone in the living room, picking it up.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

Those dark, almost black, eyes meet my gaze. "Sending your father a message." In that moment, I see just how ruthless he can be just from the look in his eyes.

Have I escaped a prison just to fall in love with a tyrant like my father?





## VALERY

*A*nya sits across from me at the dining table, but ever since I told Denis to set up the explosives at her father's strip-club, she's been quiet.

"How is the food?" I ask, as we sit in my private booth at a restaurant in Zelenograd called Vanna. It's too dangerous at the moment for me to step foot in Moscow city center, and to be honest, I'd imagine Konstantin would tell me even being out at Vanna is dangerous with the price on my head.

I won't cower away and not be seen because of his assassins. It may be arrogant, but I can't show weakness or he will exploit it.

"It's good." She takes a sip of her wine.

My patience wears thin as I can't stand her silence. "What is wrong, Anya?"

She looks me in the eye. "Are you exactly like my father?"

My brow furrows. "What do you mean?"

"The explosion you planned at the club." She shrugs. "It's the kind of ruthless thing I'd expect from him, not caring who might get hurt in the process."

"I told you, no one is going to get hurt."

She shakes her head. "But if they would get hurt, would you still do it?"

I consider her question and know deep down that I would see any casualty as collateral damage. After all, I'm no saint

and she should know as much. I'm a mobster who stole her away from her home and locked her in a dank basement. If she thought that I'm a good person, she was wrong.

“What do you expect me to say, Anya? You know who I am. I'm the pakhan of the Morozov Bratva. It's in my job description to be ruthless.”

She nods. “I know.”

I sense that learning about her father turning on her mother and killing her has her shook. She wants to know if in the kind of man that could do that to his wife and children. “However, I'd never let that ruthless nature bleed into my personal life, if that's what you mean.”

Those crystal blue eyes shimmer with what I can only describe as hope. Hope that what's happening between us could be more than just sex. A deep connection that we both feel.

Taking a wife has never crossed my mind until I set my eyes on my printessa, but it's insane to think that could become a reality. Marrying the daughter of my enemy who I kidnapped would exacerbate this war.

“So if you were married, you wouldn't murder your wife if she was about to run away?”

Anya isn't shy to say it how it is.

I shake my head. “No, I wouldn't.” Tension builds within my body, forcing me to crack my neck. “If I was married, my wife would never want to run away in the first place.”

Her brow arches. “That's a bit arrogant.” For the first time tonight, a whisper of a smirk flutters across her lips.

“It's a fact.” I take a sip of my whiskey. “Would you like to marry me and find out?” I tease.

Her cheeks flush a dark pink, which tells me she would indeed like to spend the rest of her life shackled to me — the man who kidnapped her. “Don't be an idiot.”

I shake my head. “I'm serious. You are mine already, married or not.”

Her eyes narrow and she glares at me. “Says who?”

I smirk. “Me.”

She shakes her head, but she can’t help but smile. “You are so arrogant.”

“It’s warranted, though, isn’t it?”

“Perhaps.” She lifts her glass of wine to her lips and takes a sip, watching me over the rim.

“If you keep looking at me like that, I won’t be able to resist taking you into the bathroom and having my way with you here.”

Her eyes widen, but there’s excitement in them. The idea turns her on and that in turns makes me harder than nails.

“Get up now and go into the ladies’ bathroom.”

“You can’t be serious?”

I lean forward, holding her gaze. “Deadly.”

She licks her bottom lip and glances nervously around the busy restaurant. “What if—”

“No questions, printessa. Do as you are told.”

Her brow furrows, but like the natural submissive that she is, she gets up and walks to the ladies’ bathroom.

I give it sixty seconds before I stand and follow her, driven by a desire that is all consuming. Anya is standing in front of the mirror, looking in it when I enter.

“Anyone in here?” I mouth.

She shakes her head.

I turn and lock the door behind me. “Good.”

Anya faces me. “What are you going to do?”

I walk toward her and grab her hips, lifting her onto the sink counter. “Fuck you.”

Her cheeks turn a deep red as she licks her lips. “The staff will notice we’re gone.”

“Do you think I give a shit?” I ask.

“No,” she replies.

I notice the outline of her hard nipples poking through the soft fabric of her black dress. “You are turned on and ready for this, aren’t you?” I move a hand under her dress to find she hasn’t put any panties on. “Dirty girl,” I murmur. “I’d almost think you wanted this to happen.”

She gasps as I thrust three fingers into her soaking wet pussy. “Valery.”

“Open your thighs for me.”

She does as she’s told, allowing me to finger her deeper, groaning at the soaking wet sounds my fingers make with each and every thrust. “Oh God,” she cries.

“God has nothing to do with this, printessa. I’m more akin to the devil.”

Her whimpers are like music to my ears as I pull my soaking wet fingers out of her. “Open wide, malishka.”

She does as she’s told and I slide my fingers into her mouth.

“Suck them clean.”

Eagerly, she closes her lips around my fingers and sucks her own arousal from them, moaning. I pull them from her mouth and lift the skirt of her dress to her hips, exposing her pretty, glistening wet pussy.

It’s impossible to stifle the groan that escapes my lips at the sight. “You are such a good girl, Anya. Always ready for me.”

Anya surprises me then by lacing her fingers in my hair and yanking my lips to hers. The kiss is fraught with passion and longing that I know I’ll never be able to quench in one lifetime. An eternity with her wouldn’t be long enough.

I grab hold of her thighs and part them even further, unzipping my pants.

Her eyes are dilated as she watches me free myself from them.

“Look what you do to me.” I demand, stroking my painfully hard cock.

She drags her fingers through her soaking wet entrance. “Look what you do to me.”

I can't hold back any longer as I slam into her, my cock finding her entrance and sliding through with such force.

“Fuck, Valery,” she cries out, clearly forgetting about her worries that people will know exactly what we're doing in here. Her fingers dig into my back as she claws at me.

I lean back and rub her clit, making more of her sweet arousal flood around my shaft. “That's it, malishka. Let me fuck that pretty little cunt right here in the bathroom of a restaurant and make sure everyone out there knows I'm fucking Anya Lebedev.”

Her head falls back on a moan. “This is so wrong.”

“It's so fucking right,” I growl, wrapping my hand around her throat and loving the way she looks like that. As if my hand is a collar around her throat—a sign of possession. I own her and I want everyone in fucking Moscow to know it. Scratch that, I want everyone in Russian to know. “I never knew that a cunt could feel so fucking perfect, printessa.” I kiss her lips, thrusting my tongue through them. “I never knew that sex could be so damn addictive.”

Every thrust is harder and deeper than the last as I find the right angle, fucking her like an animal on the sink counter, holding her thighs open wide.

Anya's nipples are hard peaks, pointing at me and taunting me to suck on them. I lean down, keeping the same rhythm, and suck one nipple into my mouth.

Her back arches and she moans so loud it echoes around the bathroom. I lavish my attention on that nipple before moving to the other, and all the while she moans and gushes around my cock.

“Valery, please, it’s too much.”

I smirk up at her. “I’m not finished with you yet, malishka.”

She groans in beautiful agony. “Please.”

I shake my head and pull my cock out of her, producing a frustrated grunt from her. “Turn around.”

Despite looking furious, she hops off the counter and turns around, bending over even though I didn’t instruct her to. So damn eager.

I part her ass cheeks and can’t help the low guttural sound that tears from my throat at the sight of her pretty little asshole. Reaching around, I place my finger into her mouth. “Suck,” I order.

She does as she’s told, sucking as if it’s my cock.

“Good girl,” I purr, and then I press the wet finger against her asshole.

Anya turns tense. “What are you—”

I yank her hair with my other hand. “No questions.” Slowly, I work my finger into her pretty little asshole. As she relaxes, she begins to enjoy it. Her moans restarting as she rocks back onto my finger.

“Dirty girl, do you like that?” I watch her face in the mirror.

She looks right back at me. “I love it.”

I release her hair and use my other hand to guide my cock into her cunt again, my finger still lodged in her asshole. “Good, because I have every intention of fucking your ass at some point.”

She bites her bottom lip. “I don’t think it would fit.”

I chuckle. “Of course it will. I’ll make it fucking fit.” I pull my finger out of her ass and she whimpers.

“Please, Valery. I need to come.”

“You like my finger in your ass, don’t you?”

“Yes, but I just need to come. Please fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

Her begging is like music to my ears. I’ve reduced her to this out in a public setting and that turns me on more than anything.

“Okay, only because you asked so nicely.”

I slam inside of her, my hands grabbing her hips and using my strength to pull her against me. The force of my thrusts knocking her into the edge of the counter will no doubt leave bruises, but I can’t help it. My passion for Anya is animalistic. It transcends any rational thought or reason.

Her moans are mixed with screams as I push her toward the edge, hitting the spot inside of her that makes her thighs tremble.

The entire restaurant will have heard us, and thankfully we’d already finished eating. Because as soon as the pleasure wears off, she’ll be beyond humiliated.

“Scream for me, Anya. I want to hear you scream while you come apart on my cock.” I growl, struggling to hold off. “You feel so fucking amazing.”

Grabbing her throat from behind, I squeeze, knowing that she always comes apart when I choke her. Almost instantly, I feel her muscles clamp around my cock and she screams my name as she climaxes. And then she squirts, flooding my cock with her sweet arousal.

I pound her through it until my release hits me hard, and I lean forward, sinking my teeth into her shoulder, as I fill her with my seed. The insanity of what I’m doing, fucking her with no protection, still doesn’t bother me. If she gets pregnant with my baby, good. I want her to have my children. I want her to be my wife.

Her pussy is soaking wet, and she’s made a mess of the floor and my pants. I smirk at the thought of leaving this bathroom with her mess all over me.

I grab a fistful of her hair and yank her head to the side unnaturally so that I can kiss her lips. “You are so perfect,” I

gasp, still breathless from the intensity of my release. “And you’ve made a real mess.” I pull out of her and retreat back a foot so she can spin around.

She looks down at my pants and turns red. “Oh God. Everyone will know.”

“Good.” I yank her into me and grab her chin, forcing her to look into my eyes. “I want everyone to know that I own you. That you are mine in every sense of the word.”

Her nostrils flare, but surprisingly, she doesn’t contest that claim, making me more confident that she does feel the same as I do.

I kiss her neck and move lower to her shoulders. “Tell me who owns you.”

Her crystal blue eyes look more vibrant than ever after her orgasm. “You do, Valery.”

“Good girl.” I let go of her chin. “Now let’s go home. I’m nowhere near finished with you, yet.”

I’ll never be finished with her. It’s a complication that I never saw coming when I instructed my men to kidnap her, but I wouldn’t change a thing. Anya has become an integral part of my life. The woman I want to spend the rest of it with, but the only problem is I don’t know how that can work out. At least, not here in Moscow, which leaves me with the hardest decision of my life.

I can either choose my empire or Anya.

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“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?” Konstantin asks, pacing up and down the warehouse office floor like a madman.

I clench my fists. “Watch your tone,” I snap. “I asked Yaroslav to give Grigory a little push, as I was fed up of waiting around for him to make the next move.” Patience isn’t one of my strengths, that is something I’d admit, but I expected Grigory to make a move by now.



Konstantin shakes his head. “It’s like you have a death wish or something. Grigory loves Kapriz.”

I smirk. “Exactly why I blew it up.”

He growls. “You realize you are gambling with all of our livelihoods going after Moscow city center?”

I rarely see Konstantin like this. He’s always been in support of everything I do and this is the first time he doesn’t agree with my actions. “You do realize that I’m still Pakhan of this bratva?”

He blows out a frustrated breath. “I do, but if you aren’t careful, we will all end up six feet under.”

Suddenly, something occurs to me. “Wait, how did you know Grigory loves Kapriz?”

The tension in his shoulders is visible as he freezes and turns to face me. “Everyone knows he spends a lot of time there.”

I shake my head. “That’s bullshit. I had no idea until Anya told me.”

He bites the inside of his cheek. “I may be a regular member.” He shrugs. “It’s not something I like people to know.”

I cross my arms over my chest. “And one of my establishments wasn’t good enough for you?”

I own a number of strip clubs in Zelenograd.

“You know I’d be recognized by any of them. So I’ve been going to Kapriz for a couple of years. My job is busy and I don’t have time for dating or relationships.”

I run a hand through my hair as I’m not bothered that Konstantin most likely pays women for sex at the club. What I am worried about is the fact he chose my enemy’s club to attend.

“How do I know you haven’t been scheming with him behind my back? As you seem rather concerned about his club.”

Konstantin clenches his fists and walks toward me, putting me on high alert. “There’s a girl that works there. One I have been seeing for over a year and…” he trails off as if he knows how stupid it’s going to sound.

In that moment, I realize my Sovietnik has lost his heart to a working girl. “We hit the club when it was shut. There was no one inside.”

“The girls live in the building next door.”

“The blast was controlled. They will be fine.”

Konstantin shakes his head. “You shouldn’t have made that move without consulting with me. I’m supposed to be your second in command.”

He’s right. Konstantin is supposed to be involved in all the major decisions I make, but seeing Anya so upset when I returned last night, I didn’t think it through. I wanted to hurt Grigory for hurting my printessa, even though nothing shy of killing him would make up for what he did to her mother.

“I apologize, it was impulsive of me.”

He snorts. “You could say that again.” Shaking his head, he meets my gaze. “Now what?”

It’s a good question and I know he won’t be pleased with my half-assed answer. “We wait.”

“Are you telling me you didn’t have a plan?”

The surprise in his voice is impossible to miss.

“That’s exactly what I’m telling you.”

“Mu’dak,” he curses. “What has gotten into you lately?”

It’s a valid question, but he won’t be getting the answer. I can’t let anyone know the truth—that I’ve fallen for my enemy’s daughter.

“Nothing. I’m fed up with being forced to pick up the scraps.” I cross my arms over my chest. “We both were. What has changed?”

Konstantin shakes his head. “I never knew you would get this reckless.”

*Neither did I.*

If I’m honest, I expected to have to play the long game with Grigory, even after kidnapping his daughter. What I didn’t expect was that I wouldn’t ever want to give her back. The intention was to pry some of his territory out of his hands in return for Anya, not his entire empire.

“It will all work out. Just wait and see.”

Konstantin looks unconvinced and, to be honest, I’m not convinced either. I’m on a disaster course and I don’t know how to change direction.



## ANYA

Dina is preparing dinner when I walk into the kitchen.

“Hey, Dina. How are you?” I ask.

She smiles when she hears my voice. “I’m well, thank you. How are you?”

“Good,” I say.

“I must admit you seem very happy, considering you are supposed to be Valery’s prisoner.”

I give her a pointed look, since she knows we are more than just kidnapper and captive. “I am happy. I don’t see this as a prison at all.”

She passes me a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. “I’m glad.”

I take a sip as we fall into comfortable silence together. At times like this, I reflect on what Nadia might be doing. We always had similar times together, and it feels weird that I’ll never see her again.

Valery appears in the doorway. “There you are.”

My heart rate accelerates at the mere sound of his voice.

“I want to show you something.”

I tilt my head. “What is it?”

“A surprise.” He glances at Dina. “We will be dining an hour or so late. Is that okay?”

“Of course, sir.”

He holds a hand out for me to take, and I place my hand in his, instantly feeling flames spread over every inch of skin.

“This way.” He pulls me out of the kitchen and into the corridor in the direction of the outside door.

“Why won’t you tell me where we are going?”

“I told you, it’s a surprise.” He stops at the backdoor and grabs my coat. “You’ll need this.”

I let him help me into it, zipping it up, as I can’t stand being cold. I’m sure I was born in the wrong country or something, as it’s always cold in Moscow.

Valery opens the door and the ice cold air still seems to cut me to the core.

I shiver and he notices, placing a strong arm around me and pulling me against his warm body. Instantly, I feel protected.

“We won’t be outside long.” He guides me toward a building on the grounds and stops in front of the door, unlocking it and swinging it open. “Come on.”

He grabs my hand and yanks me into the surprisingly warm building.

On my walks around the grounds, I’d assumed it was a garage or shed, but that’s clearly not the case. The floors are tiled in a cream marble and there are plush sofas and a bar furnishing the room. A mezzanine floor is built over it.

“What is this place?”

He smiles. “An observatory.” Pointing to the huge telescope and giant window in the ceiling. “I thought we could look at the stars.”

I nod in response, my throat aching too much to speak, as this feels almost too romantic. And I fear that he’s going to make me fall in love with him even more.

He takes my hand and leads me up the staircase onto the mezzanine. “It’s a clear night. Take a look.”

I walk up to the telescope and gaze into the eyepiece, gasping at how clear all the stars look. “Wow, that’s stunning.” My brow furrows. “What’s the orange dot?”

His hands fall onto my hips and he presses his body to mine. “Mars. You can see it on very clear nights.”

I shudder as he kisses my neck softly.

“Do you like it?” he asks.

I keep gazing through the eyepiece, but I’m not sure if he’s asking whether I like his observatory or the way he’s kissing me. “Yes,” I breathe. “It’s beautiful.” Pulling myself away from the view, I glance over my shoulder at him. “I can’t believe you have your very own observatory.”

He kisses me quickly. “It’s yours now, printessa. Everything I own belongs to you, too.”

I swallow hard. “You do realize my father will hunt you down and kill you if you refuse to return me?”

His jaw works. “I do.”

“Then why are you pretending like this can carry on?”

He spins me around to face him. “Because there’s no way in hell I’m letting you go.” The look in his eyes is fierce and yet there’s something soft about it, making me believe that he feels the same way I do.

I shake my head. “You won’t have a choice.”

“I will work it out, trust me.” His eyes darken. “For now, I want to enjoy our time together.”

The look in his eyes makes my entire body catch on fire, igniting that deep, all encompassing longing inside of me. I break our eye contact and gaze through the telescope again. “The night sky is so beautiful. I’ve never really taken the chance to pause and enjoy it.”

Suddenly, a star shoots across the sky, making me gasp.

“What is it, malishka?”

“Shooting star. I’ve never seen one before.”

His lips linger near my ear. “You get to make a wish.”

I close my eyes and make the only wish I want to come true. That somehow we can find a way to be together, despite all the obstacles standing in our way. Even if I haven’t told him that I love him, I know it deep down.

“Have you made it?” he asks.

I nod. “Yes, but I can’t tell you or it won’t come true.”

He spins me around. “Of course not.” And then his lips are on mine, kissing me with a passion that steals all the thoughts from my mind.

All our problems fade away the moment he’s kissing me. Is it insane that I’ve fallen in love with a man who took my captive and chained me up in a basement?

Perhaps, but I’ve never truly known freedom all my life and somehow my time spent here with Valery has been the most free I’ve ever felt.

Threading my fingers through his thick hair, I deepen the kiss, never wanting it to end.

Valery searches my mouth with a desperation that makes me moan, heat flaring over every inch of my skin.

I can’t help but remember the words he said to me before we struck our deal in that basement.

You belong to me now, Anya

He was right.

After a while, he pulls away and spins me around, pointing up at the glass window. “If you look carefully, you can make out the constellations.”

My body is buzzing with need and yet Valery is talking about fucking stars. I can hardly think straight right now, but I listen and look up at the sky as he points out the different constellations visible in tonight’s sky.

“You know a lot about stars.”



He presses his lips to the back of my neck. “My father taught me. He loved astronomy, even if that’s a very odd pastime for a mobster.” His lips move lower to my shoulders, sending shivers through my body. “I must admit, it can be peaceful in here, watching the night sky and contemplating just how insignificant we truly are on our little planet in a vast solar system.”

“Maybe you can teach me,” I say, as space and astrology have always been so fascinating to me, especially as they begin to learn more about what’s beyond our planet.

He smiles, and it is enough to light my world on fire. “Definitely.” Valery kisses me again. “First, we better have dinner. We don’t want to keep Dina waiting, do we?”

I shake my head. “No, and she’s made my favorite.”

“What’s that?” he asks.

“Beef stroganoff.”

He smiles. “My favorite too.” He leads me out of the observatory and back to the house. Somehow, the cold doesn’t affect me the same, perhaps because my body is still a hot mess from the way he kisses me.

Dina has already laid the table in the dining room for the two of us and candles are lit in the center.

“This is a bit romantic,” I say, glancing at him.

“Good. It’s meant to be.”

I arch a brow in question.

He ignores the look I give him, pulling out a chair for me. “Take a seat.”

I lower myself into the seat and he slides it under me, before walking to the other side and sitting down opposite me.

“Champagne?” he asks, lifting an open bottle out of a cooler.

“Yes, please.” I pass him my glass.

He pours it, but doesn't once take his eyes off of me. They look almost black in the dim candlelight. As he passes my glass back to me, our fingers touch and that electricity zaps right through me.

"To you and me," he says, pushing his own glass toward mine.

I clink it against his glass before I take a sip, finding it difficult to believe that this man really meant it when he said I'm his. He wants to find a way for us both to be together permanently, even though I know that's not possible.

He's about to open his mouth and say something when Dina interrupts, clearing her throat.

"The food is ready if you are."

Valery looks irritated but nods as she comes in with two large portions of beef stroganoff and homemade bread.

She smiles at me as she sets mine down in front of me. "Enjoy."

"Thank you."

Dina leaves hastily, sensing Valery's impatience.

"I have something for you," he says, as soon as she is gone.

I bite the inside of my cheek as he pulls out a black velvet box, making my heart rate speed up.

"What is it?"

"A family heirloom. I want you to have it." He passes the velvet box across the table and I take it, feeling anxious to actually look inside.

I flip open the lid and there's a beautiful vintage diamond ring sitting in the center of the cushion. "A ring?" I shake my head. "Why would you give something so important to me?"

He tilts his head. "Because you are more important to me than anything else in this world, Anya."

"That makes no sense."

“It makes perfect sense. I’ve known since the day we met that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you.”

The painful sensation I feel clawing at my chest feels like it’s trying to starve me of oxygen as tears gather in my eyes. “How?”

He shakes his head. “I don’t know how, I just knew. I love you.”

“I love you too,” I murmur, unable to believe that he feels the same way I do. “Even if it is completely crazy.”

“I want my ring on your finger to prove that you are mine.”

“Marriage?” I confirm.

He nods.

“What about my father? He won’t allow it.”

Valery’s jaw works. “Let me worry about your father and what comes next.”

I swallow hard and glance down at the ring, feeling more hope than I’ve ever felt.

Hope that I actually will have a say in my own future and won’t be forced to marry someone I don’t care for, but is it a foolish hope?

My father is far more powerful than Valery and his *bratva*. If he marries me and parades it around Moscow, he won’t rest until Valery is six feet under, and I can’t lose him.

“I’m scared,” I admit.

“Scared of what, *printessa*?”

I swallow hard. “Scared that all of this is just a fairytale that can never come true.”

“Believe me, *printessa*. I’m going to make it come true, no matter the costs.”

My brow furrows. “No matter the costs?”

He nods. “Just leave it to me. You will be my wife, if that’s what you want?”

I look down at the box in my hand. “It is what I want.”

The smile he gives me makes my heart ache. “Good. Put it on, malishka.”

I take the ring and slip it onto my finger, surprised that it fits pretty well, perhaps a tad too big. “It’s beautiful.”

“Not as beautiful as you.”

I shake my head. “That’s a very cheesy line.”

He smirks. “I know, but you love it.”

My cheeks heat as we sit and eat our meal together, contemplating our future. I never believed I’d get a choice of who I’m going to marry and, to be honest, I’m still not convinced this is all going to work out. All I can do is hope and pray that Valery knows what he’s doing.



## VALERY

*I'm losing everything.*

As I watch my most lucrative club crumble to ashes on the television screen on the news in my bedroom, I realize I've bitten off far more than I can chew. The fourth club he's hit in under twenty-four hours, and I've been too wrapped up in his daughter to focus on a strategy to deal with it.

I underestimated Grigory's pigheaded stubbornness to keep hold of his throne. Perhaps he's not as washed out as I once believed.

Anya walks out of my bathroom wearing just my shirt and it feels like the sight of her eases all the worry, even though she's at the center of this war. It's insane, but somehow I think she was worth it all.

"What's happened?"

I hold my hand out and she walks over to me and takes it, allowing me to pull her onto my lap. "I think I'm losing my empire."

"Why don't you sound worried about that?" Her brow furrows. "Weren't you trying to expand it?"

I nod in reply. "I was..."

"And now?" she confirms.

My telephone on the nightstand rings at that exact moment. "I've got to take this." I know I can't avoid my men, it's no doubt Konstantin.

Disappointment flushes over her features as I lift her off of me and rush to pick up the call. “Yes?”

“Have you seen the news?” His voice is panicked.

“Yes, I’m watching it now. What happened?”

“Grigory happened. We can’t keep this up.” He sighs heavily. “If we don’t make some concessions, our entire empire will be left in ruins.”

*Our empire.*

I realize in that instance that I’ve not only gambled with my own empire and wealth, but the livelihoods of my most loyal men. If Grigory succeeds in tearing apart the Morozov Bratva, then what happens to them?

I’m staring a vital decision in the face. Give up my empire and flee with my prize, Anya, or stay and potentially lose both. There’s no way I can remain in Zelenograd with Anya, as it’s only a matter of time until he finds us and tears us apart.

“Arrange a meeting with the leadership of the bratva. Text me the details.” I cancel the call, as I don’t want him to question what it’s about, but I can count on him to do as he’s told.

I glance at Anya, who is watching me with her arms crossed over her chest. “What are you going to do, Valery?”

The way she’s looking at me makes it clear that she knows I’m up to something, but I doubt she knows what. I return to my seat and sink into it, watching her. “Make everything right.”

Her brow furrows as she approaches me. “How?”

I grab her wrist when she’s close enough and yank her into my lap, wrapping my arms around her waist. “That’s for me to worry about.”

She looks irritated that I’m not going to tell her. “You are just like him,” she mutters.

“Like who?”

Her jaw clenches. “My father. Because I’m a woman, you won’t tell me your plans.”

It’s true to a certain extent, but the main reason I don’t want to tell her yet is I don’t want to get her hopes up. Anya cares for me, that much I know. If I were to tell her that there’s a way out of this war which results in us being able to stay together, it would be a lie until I figure it out with my men.

“It’s not that. I just haven’t figured it all out yet,” I lie, tightening my grasp on her as she tries to wriggle free. “You are doing a good job at making me hard, if that was your intention.”

She punches me in the shoulder playfully. “Don’t be an asshole.”

I grab her throat hard in warning. “Don’t call me that, printessa.”

“Or what?” she challenges.

My grip tightens around her throat and my other hand moves beneath my shirt she is wearing, where she’s completely naked. I yank down my boxer briefs enough to free my cock and then slide it inside of her without warning.

She moans, head falling back as I fill her tight little pussy.

“Or I’ll fuck you senseless,” I reply, moving my hands to her hips as I move her up and down my shaft.

She looks down at me with visceral desire. “You realize that’s a reward rather than a punishment.”

I spank her ass. “I don’t care. I just need to have you,” I groan.

The decision I’m about to make should feel like a tonne of bricks, even as I fuck my princess. I can’t just walk away unless I can convince my men to cover for me and appoint a new Pakhan. And most wouldn’t be prepared to take over the shit show I’ve fucking created by capturing Anya and declaring war with the Lebedev Bratva, no matter how much power we’ve gained in the past few years, we’re still no match for Grigory’s power and influence.



“Oh, fuck, Valery,” her crying my name draws me back to the present as I realize she’s on the edge of explosion.

Slowing down, I force her away from the edge. “Not yet, printessa.”

Anya makes the cutest little grunting sound in frustration, and I wrap my fingers into her hair and pull her lips to mine, thrusting my tongue in and out of her mouth as if I’m fucking her with it. “Tell me how much you love this,” I murmur against them.

Her crystal eyes are practically shimmering as she looks at me. “I love it so much,” she purrs, arching her back more and moving her hips in rhythm with my thrusts. “Your cock feels like heaven.”

Hearing her speak dirty to me makes me crazy as I watch the angel I’ve fallen for ride my cock as if she’s as addicted to this as I am. I’ve never felt like this before for anyone.

“Good girl,” I murmur, wrapping my fingers around her throat. “Now I want you to come for me.”

Her eyes fill with determination as she rises and falls with harder movements, impaling herself on me and driving me toward the edge faster than I anticipate.

I tighten my grip around her throat, concerned I might come apart before she does. “Careful, printessa. You are going to make me come before you do.”

She moans, moving her hands to her nipples and massaging them.

I watch her in awe of how utterly stunning she is. “That’s right, play with your nipples for me. Such a good girl.”

Her head falls back. “Oh fuck, Valery. I’m going to come,” she cries.

I drive my hips upward to meet each of her movements, our bodies moving in perfect rhythm. And then she tips over the edge the moment I explode inside of her. I feel her muscles tighten around me as my balls release every drop of cum inside of her, and it feels like heaven.

“Fucking hell, malishka. Take every drop of my cum like the good girl I know you are.”

She moans repeatedly as I continue to thrust my hips into her, wrapping my arms around her waist and pressing my lips between her breasts. We remain in that position for a long while, I couldn't say how long.

It's rare that I ever admit when I make a mistake, but I know moving against Grigory was one of the biggest mistakes I've ever made as pakhan, arrogantly believing that I could take down the biggest crime boss in Russia. The only thing I can't regret is that in doing so, I met Anya. Considering I'm seriously thinking about giving up my empire and fleeing the country so I can steal her forever, I'd say it's also the best decision I've ever made.

---

“I HAVE some good news and some bad news,” I announce as I sit at the end of the boardroom table at the back of the Kochevnik.

My men watch me tentatively.

“I admit that I made a mistake going after Grigory Lebedev.”

Ilya sighs. “Thank fuck for that.” He runs a hand across the back of his neck. “I hope you have a plan to get us out of this shit show of a war.”

“Of course,” I say, swallowing hard. “I intend to step down as Pakhan.”

All of my men look at me like I've just grown another head. To them, this won't look like a solution, not really.

“How does that fix anything?” Denis asks.

I clench my jaw. “With a new leader, you can renegotiate with Grigory and argue I'd lost the plot and have now fled Moscow.”

Konstantin clears his throat. “You realize that Grigory will hunt you down and find you? Especially if you are about to do what I think you are.”

I grit my teeth together. “And what is it that you think I’m going to do?”

“Run away with the Lebedev girl.”

Konstantin says it so matter of fact, as if he’s known I’ve been losing my head over her since I set eyes on her. Perhaps he has.

“That is my intention.”

Ilya slams his hand down on the table. “Are you telling me that you are throwing everything you’ve worked for away over a fucking girl?”

I glare at him, as right now I’m still pakhan, even if my choices lately have been questionable. “Yes, do you have a problem with that, Ilya?”

His jaw works. “Why would you give up everything?”

I can’t explain it in words to these men, but it doesn’t feel like I’m giving up anything. It feels like I’m gaining everything. Anya is more important to me than any power or wealth. I knew it the moment I set eyes on her.

“It’s difficult to explain.”

Konstantin clears his throat. “It’s obvious he’s in love.”

Ilya and the rest of the men laugh, but he’s right. It appears he’s the only one who understands, and I suspect that’s because he’s in love with the working girl from Grigory’s club.

“Where will you go?” Denis asks.

I don’t trust him as far as I could throw him. None of them will know my final destination, as it would be too dangerous. “We’ll head over the border into Ukraine.”

Yaroslav looks unconvinced. “Grigory has good links with Ukraine. Half of his family live there.”

“We won’t remain there long. Continue moving until we reach neutral ground.”

Ilya nods. “So, who will be pakhan?”

“That’s something we need to discuss. My vote goes to Konstantin as my second in command.” I glance at the five men at the table. “The most votes win, but you can’t vote for yourself.”

Ilya nods. “I second Konstantin.”

I’m surprised by his quick confidence vote of Konstantin, as I’ve always believed he would want the position of pakhan for himself.

Stas is the next to vote, “I vote Ilya.”

Ilya’s brow furrows. “Not sure that’s the best idea. I’m not pakhan material.”

“Konstantin for me,” Denis says.

I glance at Konstantin. “Ilya gets my vote.”

It all comes down to Yaroslav as if he votes Ilya, then it will be a draw. He clears his throat. “I agree that Konstantin should be pakhan.”

I clap my hands. “That’s decided then. Konstantin is pakhan and Ilya will be his Sovietnik.” I purse my lips together. “You will need to appoint a new boyevik.”

Konstantin nods. “Leave it to me.”

A sense of grief settles in my gut as I realize I’m walking away from everything my father built. Hell, I’m not just going to be walking, I’m going to be running. Chased out of my birth city by the man I wanted to bring down. “And don’t let this information go to waste.” I shove the ledgers we stole of Grigory’s into Konstantin’s chest. “Promise you will make him pay.”

Konstantin looks emotional as he nods. “I promise.” We’ve known each other since we were kids, so it’s hard to believe I won’t see him again after today.

“If that’s all, it’s settled.” I stand and that’s when I hear someone cock a gun.

I glance up to see Denis is pointing his handgun at me. “No, I think I’ll take the reward instead. Dead or alive, it said. Why do you get to run off and leave us in this shit?”

Konstantin moves toward Denis. “Don’t be a fool—”

He points the gun at him. “Don’t defend the asshole.”

While he’s distracted, I pull my own gun on him, switching off the safety. Without a word of warning to ensure he doesn’t realize I’m about to kill him, I shoot him in the head, blood splattering everywhere.

Ilya, Yaroslav and Stas stare in disbelief at how fast I put him down.

Konstantin, on the other hand, just gives me an appreciative nod. “Thanks, pakhan.”

I shake my head. “I’m not your pakhan anymore. It looks like you need to appoint two new boyeviks.”

He walks up to me and takes my hand, pulling me against him. “Take care, brother.”

I return the embrace, clapping him on the back. “You too.”

Ilya is next to approach me. “You are insane to do this for a girl.”

Instead of acknowledging his opinion, I take his hand and shake. “Take care, Ilya.”

He sighs. “And you.”

I say my goodbyes to Yaroslav and Stas, but I know that I can’t trust either of them, particularly not Yaroslav. Quickly, I make my exit and head to the safety of my home, confident that Grigory will quickly learn the truth, that I intend to flee with his daughter.

If they believed me, it will send Grigory on a wild goose chase trying to find us in Ukraine. If not, then we have to hope and pray that we make it out before his men find us.



## ANYA

I'm lying on the bed in the spare room, having a little rest. I can't deny that it can get a little boring not being able to go out at all. At least at home, I was allowed to go out with an escort.

Sighing, I roll over to find Valery is standing in the doorway. The look in his eyes puts me on edge as I sit up.

"Hey, printessa," he says.

I smile at him. "Hey." My brow furrows. "What's wrong?"

His jaw works. "We are leaving Moscow."

"Leaving?" That makes no sense, as Valery's whole life is in Moscow. "Why?" I stand and walk toward him.

He shakes his head. "It's a long story."

I arch a brow. "I've got time."

His jaw works as he glares at me. "Sit down."

I can't understand why he's acting the way he is, but I do as he says and sit down in the armchair by the fireplace in the bedroom.

He sits opposite, watching me intently. "I've resigned as pakhan."

My heart skips a beat as I wonder if he's telling me he's giving up everything for us. For a while now, I've realized that we can't be together if he intends to keep hold of his empire, as my father would annihilate him.

“Why did you do that?” Butterflies flutter to life in my stomach as I wait patiently for his reply.

“Because you are mine and I have no intention of letting you go.”

I feel my heart rate accelerate. “And you are willing to let your empire go? Your family’s legacy?”

His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows. “There’s no other way, Anya. If I stay here and keep you, then your father will kill us both.”

I stand and walk toward him, sliding my arms around his waist and pulling him close. “Where are we going?”

He pulls back and looks into my eyes. “I have a plan, but I need to action it first to ensure it’s possible.”

Sighing, I accept that he’s not going to tell me his plan, even now, as he intends to flee with me.

He stands. “Pack a bag. We will leave in an hour.”

“What happens to all the staff?” I ask, wondering what will happen to Dina.

He shrugs. “No doubt Konstantin will keep them on.”

“Your Sovietnik?” I confirm.

“The new pakhan of the Morozov Bratva.”

He grabs my hand and squeezes it tightly. “Pack. I’ll go and make arrangements.” He turns and leaves me staring after him, trying to work out why a ruthless mob boss like him would give up everything he’s built for me.

I head to the walk-in closet, which Valery had stocked with clothes for me, and grab a suitcase. It feels a little surreal that I’m running from my birth city with a man who kidnapped me.

Despite it all, I’ve never felt more hopeful about my future. Love had never been in the cards for me, so it’s hard to believe I found it in the most unlikely place.



---

AS WE'RE GETTING into the car outside, an explosion draws both of our attention to the gate. It's been blown off its hinges and three black SUVs are heading toward us at speed.

"Fuck," Valery curses. "We can't drive out of here. Come on." He grabs my hand and pulls me in the opposite direction toward the back of the house.

"How are we going to escape on foot?" I shout.

He doesn't answer me as I focus on trying to keep up and not tripping over my own feet. And then he suddenly pulls me into the observatory, opening a hatch in the floor.

My brow furrows. "A tunnel system?"

Valery nods. "It connects the entire region, so we can get the hell out of here. I built my home here because of the access to the old revolutionaries' tunnels." He nods at it. "Get in, now."

I jump in, shuddering at how dark it is. "Have you got a light?"

He jumps in after me and pulls down the hatch, turning on a flashlight. "Of course."

I move closer to him. The thought of being caught by my father's men makes me sick to the stomach. "Where does this lead?"

Valery takes my hand. "Into Zelenograd center."

"Is it wise to go into the center while my father is looking for us?"

He shakes his head. "No, but we don't have a choice."

I swallow hard and hold on to Valery's hand tighter, hating the cramped sensation of being underground in the dark, dank tunnels.

He leads me through them for about twenty minutes until we come to a door at the end of a tunnel. "This is it. We are

going to have to move fast once we're on the streets."

I nod in response, butterflies beating around in my stomach and making me feel sick. "Okay."

We climb the steps into the back room of what I can only assume is a restaurant, as the shelves are stacked with food. "Where are we?"

"The storeroom of Kochevnik, my restaurant."

My eyes widen. "Won't they look for you here?"

He blows out a breath. "Perhaps, but we didn't have a choice. It's the closest exit to the underground."

"The underground?"

He nods. "Our way out of the city." He nods to the fire exit door at the back. "We will go out of that door."

I lace my fingers with his as he turns off the flashlight and sets it down on a counter, which draws his attention to me. "Lead the way," I say.

He squeezes. "Don't worry, printessa. We're going to make it out of this."

I want to believe him, but I know how ruthless my father can be. After all, he murdered my mother because she didn't want to be with him anymore.

He's a monster, and if he believes Valery is going to make him look like a fool, he'll stop at nothing to end his life.

If he knew I was running with him of my own free will, he'd probably murder me, too.

We go out of the fire exit and into an alleyway at the back of the restaurant, and Valery leads me toward the main streets of Zelenograd center.

My heart is pounding so hard I can't hear anything else as we merge with the crowds out shopping on a Saturday morning.

I can't help but feel on high alert, looking at everyone who passes by, wondering if they could be one of my father's men.

Up ahead, I notice someone moving through the crowd unnaturally. I shift to one side and get a good look at his face, turning stiff when I realize it's one of my father's boyevik.

I yank Valery to a stop. "Vlad, my father's Boyevik is up ahead and coming toward us."

"Shit." He runs a hand through his hair and gently guides me to turn around. "We'll have to try to lose him."

I look up and straight into the eyes of my brother, Yulian. "Fuck, we need to run."

Valery notices him as well and turns to our left to cross the street, dragging me with him.

My heart pounds frantically as I hear my brother shout out to the men he's with, no doubt telling them to chase us down.

Valery sprints through the crowd, dragging me toward our salvation as our damnation chases us through the streets of Zelenograd. I have to trust that he can get us out of this somehow.

My father has not only sent men after us, he's sent the cavalry with my brother here. If we don't get away, I know death will quickly follow for both of us.

Once Father realizes where my loyalties lie now, he'll kill me along with Valery. The three men he sent after us at Valery's hotel chase us down the street, shouting instructions to each other.

"They're going to catch us," I call out to him.

"Not if I have anything to do with it," he replies, eyes laser focused as he pulls me through the crowd with a clear destination in mind. "I have a plan, printessa."

We dodge around people coming the opposite direction and then Valery leads me down the steps into the metro. And then he rushes through the crowd to platform six, where a train is about to leave the station. Hopping on just before the doors shut.

I glance up at the line map above the door. "Where are we getting off?"

“The last stop.”

My brow furrows as this takes us to a train station on the outskirts of Moscow. “And then?”

His jaw works. “We’re leaving Russia entirely.”

“What?”

When he suggested running, I never gave it much thought as to where we’d be running exactly. I assumed maybe St. Petersburg.

“Where did you think we’d run to?” He asks, shaking his head. “You know how powerful your father is in Russia.”

I nod, contemplating a life outside of the Soviet Union and Russia. Strangely, despite knowing only this place my entire life, I don’t feel sad about the prospect of leaving it behind.

“What country are we going to?”

“I’m hoping America.”

“And if not?”

“Then we will remain in England, our first stop.”

I nod in response, thankful that it’s a western country. All my life I’ve dreamed of going to America, land of the free, where it doesn’t matter what I want to read or listen to.

I know he told me he loves me, but it still feels hard to believe that he risked everything, even his life, for me. “You risked everything for me. Why?”

He cups my cheeks, gazing into my eyes deeply. “I told you, malishka. I love you.” He kisses me quickly. “I knew the moment I set eyes on you that I’d never let you go.”

The train starts to move, speeding us away from my father’s men and imminent danger.

“I love you too,” I say, trying to keep it together as pain claws at my throat. “How did my father find out?”

Valery clenches his fists. “I’ve known for a while that not all my men are loyal, and with the price on my head coupled with me stepping down as pakhan, it was only a matter of time

until they betrayed me.” His brow furrows. “I did expect a bit more time than one hour, though.”

I set my hand on his arm, which is tense. “Relax, we’re free now.”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, printessa.” He wraps his arm around me and pulls me against his chest. “Until we’re on that plane, until you are safe from harm, I won’t relax.”

I rest my head against his chest, enjoying the warmth he provides. “I love you,” I murmur softly.

He holds me close. He may be cautious, or some would say pessimistic, but there’s some kind of sixth sense that tells me we will make it out of this alive. Our love will conquer my father’s hatred.



## VALERY

The taxi pulls into the private airstrip where the jet is waiting to take off. “We’re here,” he says.

I pay him his fare and we get out without our bags. Not that it matters. I’ve got enough money to buy all our stuff again. All of my personal bank accounts, I cleared and moved the money to a British bank account, making sure it was untraceable.

“This is it,” Anya says, glancing up at me with wide eyes. “We are really going to leave Moscow.”

I nod. “We are.”

At that moment, the roar of engines catch my attention. “Fuck.”

Anya’s eyes widen. “What is it?” She glances over the same direction I’m looking to see the SUVs that had raided my home racing down the lane toward the airstrip. “How did they find us?”

I shake my head. “It doesn’t matter. We need to get on that plane now.” Grabbing Anya’s hand, I yank her into a run for the plane. The steps are thankfully already setup, but there’s no fucking staff here to remove them.

“Go on inside.”

Anya looks hesitant, but does as she’s told.

The pilot comes rushing to the doorway as I unfasten the clasps that hold the staircase to the plane. “Is there a problem?”

“Yes, we need to get out of here as fast as possible.” I glance at the SUVs closing in on the plane.

He nods. “Okay, get inside now.”

I do as he says and pull shut the door, locking it from the inside. “Get us in the air, now.”

Anya is standing to one side and I grab her hand, following the pilot into the cockpit as he fires up the engines.

“How fast can you get us in the air?”

Michael’s jaw works. “Two minutes at a push.”

“Fuck.”

Anya remains behind me. “We’re not going to make it, are we?”

The plane begins to move down the runway as, thankfully, it was already positioned on it, ready for the potential of a fast getaway.

And then, I hear the bullets ricochet off the aluminium body.

“Shit, what are you into?” Michael asks, glaring at me accusingly.

“Just get us in the air.”

He nods and focuses as he pushes a lever forward, forcing the plane to shudder to life and go down the runway faster. All the while, bullets continue to hit the plane.

Anya cowers at the back of the cockpit where the man I hired is sitting in the pilot’s chair. I’m sitting in the co-pilot seat, not that I am of much help.

He’s British and therefore I hope he won’t have any interest in selling us out to Grigory Lebedev, since now he knows we left by aircraft, he will widen the search.

The plane hurtles down the runway as the end comes into sight and then lifts off at the last moment, bullets still following as they try to bring us down.



I glance behind at Anya and she is on the floor with a flood of tears are rushing down her cheeks. It's clear that she's scared, but soon she'll be safe forever. We both will be. I never thought that I'd be the one to flee for something as whimsical as love, but here I am, running from Grigory Lebedev with his daughter.

I hate to see her like this. It's not how we were supposed to leave, but clearly one of my men disclosed my plan to flee the country. None of that matters now. If all goes well, we will be in London in seven hours. After that, I've secured a meeting with a man who can make us new passports with a new second name, before I intend to take a Virgin Atlantic flight to America. It may take a few days, but our new life together is within our grasp.

Once the plane is at a cruising altitude of fifteen thousand feet, I glance at the pilot. "Are we all clear?"

He glances at me. "Yes, the plane took no substantial damage. ETA to London is about seven hours."

I nod in response and stand. "Call over the tannoy if we hit any issues."

He nods as I take Anya's hand, leading her out of the cockpit and into the main passenger's section of the jet. It's luxurious and comfortable considering we're fifteen thousand feet in the air.

"Isn't this dangerous?" she asks, glancing out of the window to the land below.

"No, we're safe enough. Try not to think about the height." I pull her against me, forcing her to face me and not the window. "How about we do something to take your mind off of it?"

Anya tilts her head. "Like what?"

I have wanted to fuck her ass for a while now, and after the way she reacted to my finger in her ass only made me want to do it more. So I lean toward her ear. "How about I fuck that pretty little asshole of yours?"

She turns tense. "It won't fit."

“I’ve told you, I’ll make it fit.” Yanking her toward one of the armchairs, I force her to bend over at the waist. Her skirt rides up, revealing that, as always recently, she’s not wearing any underwear. I spank her ass, making her groan. “Now it’s time for me to make sure I’ve taken all of your firsts and pop your anal cherry.”

I spin her around and drop to my knees behind her and suck on her clit, making her body jolt in response.

“Valery,” she moans my name, back arching in response as I devour her like a beast. Every part of me wants to fuse with every part of her. This desire is unlike anything I’ve ever felt, and I know it’s because I love her with all that I am.

Unzipping my pants, I pull out my throbbing cock from my briefs, fisting myself as I feast on the beauty before me, getting her ready for my cock in her ass. The only lube we have is her own arousal, but there’s plenty of that.

I stop licking her, which makes her grunt in displeasure. Then I spin her around and slide the head of my cock through her soaking wet lips.

“I thought you were fucking my ass,” she taunts, glancing over her shoulder.

“I am, but I need to get my cock nice and wet first.” I slam into her as the desperate need to dominate overwhelms me.

Anya screams, no doubt loud enough for the pilot to hear, but I don’t give a shit. I’m paying him enough to get us to London. I grab a fistful of her hair and place my other hand on her hip as I fuck her hard and fast, her body bending to my will as she takes every inch of me.

The slap of skin against skin echoes through the enclosed space. Anya moans, arching her back as if she wants me deeper, which I’m not sure is possible.

“Fuck, you are taking me so damn well,” I grunt.

She watches me over her shoulder as I fuck her like a man possessed. The mere thought of taking her ass driving me crazy. When I can feel myself getting close, I force myself to

stop as I know I won't be able to hold out long in her tight, virgin ass.

“Time for me to fuck this tight little hole.” I slide my fingers into her pussy, gathering as much of her natural lube as possible before smearing it on her hole. Slowly, I work one finger in, and then two, all the way up until four are effortlessly sliding into her and she's moaning like a whore for more.

“Oh God, yes, Valery. I want your cock in my ass,” she cries.

I can't help but smile in satisfaction that she's gone from reluctance to begging me for it. “Good girl.”

I slide my cock into her pussy again, getting more of her juice on me. And then I line the head of my cock up with her stretched hole. It's harder than stone as I slide my hand up and down the soaking wet shaft before pushing forward.

Anya instantly turns tense, making it more difficult.

“Relax, malishka, or it will hurt.”

She draws in a deep breath and slowly her muscles relax, allowing me to push through her tight sphincter. Once the head is through, I keep pushing.

Anya makes sounds of pleasure and pain as inch after inch slides excruciatingly slowly into her tight passage. “Fuck, it hurts,” she says.

I rub my hand over her back in soothing circles. “Relax. I promise it will feel good soon.”

She relaxes more, which allows the last two inches to slide into her ass so that my balls rest against her cunt.

“Fuck, you've swallowed every inch of my cock, printessa. I wish you could see how fucking beautiful your ass looks with my cock buried in it.”

Her moans are laced with pain as I begin to slide my cock out, feeling the way her muscles grip my cock. Stopping half way, I slam back inside of her.

“Fuck,” she cries.

I can't work out if it's out of pain or pleasure, and I'm too far gone to care. My resolve snaps and I start to piston my hips in and out, fucking her.

Anya moans through it like the dirty little girl she is, quickly melting into a puddle of pure pleasure for me.

“Such a good girl,” I praise. “You are taking my cock in that ass like a natural.”

“It feels so good, Valery. Harder,” she instructs.

I spank her ass and then increase the force behind my movements, resulting in more tantalizing moans as I feel her muscles tighten around me. She's close to coming apart.

“I'm going to fill this tight virgin hole up with cum so that you can feel it dripping out of you the entire flight.” I spank her ass cheeks, enjoying the way they turn pink at the impact. “And then I'm going to fuck your pussy and fill that up with cum too, so that by the time we land in London, you'll be leaking cum from every fucking orifice.”

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Anya screams, her body shuddering as she climaxes from her first ever anal sex. It feels like nothing I've ever experienced as the muscles around my cock become unbearably tight, making it impossible for me to hold on any longer.

I roar as I come apart. “Your ass is too damn tight.” I bite her shoulder as I explode inside of her and once I'm sure every drop is drained from my balls, I pull out reluctantly, groaning at the sight of my cum spilling out of her stretched hole. “Your ass looks fucking beautiful leaking my cum, malishka.”

She moans. “It feels destroyed.”

I chuckle and help her straighten up, spinning her around so that I can kiss her. “Don't be so dramatic.”

“It felt amazing, but now I feel sore.”

I nod. “That's only natural.” I kiss her again. “I love you, printessa.”

“I love you too,” she replies, allowing me to pull her onto my lap on an armchair as we both enjoy being wrapped in each other, almost to safety as we fly away from Moscow and all our problems.

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“WHERE ARE WE GOING?” Anya asks, as I guide her down the streets of London.

Even though we’re in a new country, I can’t help but feel on edge. We’re not far enough away from Moscow yet.

“Today we start our new life.”

Her lips purse together. “What do you mean?”

“You will see.”

The registry office is on this street and I have every intention of marrying Anya to make it official, rather than just part of our false identities.

I lead her up the steps and she pulls me to a stop. “What is this place?”

“Registry office. We’re getting married officially.”

Anya pulls me to a stop. “I haven’t got a dress.”

I arch a brow. “We will have a more lavish wedding fit for my printessa when we are safe and settled, malishka. For now, I just want to make that commitment to you legally.”

She purses her lips before nodding. “Okay, let’s do it.”

I smile, as she didn’t really have a choice. Our fake identities don’t match yet, but once we marry, I will have Yuri change her name on the passport he falsified and we will start our new life in Boston as Mr. and Mrs. Gurin.

The man who got me the fake IDs also got me the marriage license and expedited the appointment.

As we enter the building, I notice there’s a rather stern looking woman behind a desk. She glances up as we walk in

without a greeting, before continuing to write whatever it was she was writing.

I clench my jaw and approach, knowing that my printessa deserves a better wedding than this. Unfortunately, we don't have time for anything more. Keeping Anya's hand firmly entangled with mine, I approach her desk and clear my throat. "Mr. Gurin here for our appointment with the registrar."

She peers at me through her thick horn-rimmed glasses. "Take a seat."

I have to try to quell my rage as I pull Anya toward the waiting area. It's going to take some adjusting to be a nobody in a new country.

In Zelenograd, I was respected and had power. It's something I wish to rebuild when we settle in America.

Our tickets are already booked and we will be leaving tomorrow afternoon for Boston.

It's crazy to believe that somehow we escaped Russia and the clutches of a man who has more power than president Gorbachev, even if it is unofficial power.

"You should have warned me," Anya says, frowning. "I haven't written any vows."

I shake my head. "You don't need to write them, speak them from your heart, malishka."

Her lips purse together and she gives me an adorable frown. "I like to be organized."

I chuckle, kissing her lips quickly. "I apologize for doing something spontaneous and romantic."

"I would hardly call this place romantic."

She's right, but none of that matters, because we're together. "Perhaps not, but it is what you make it."

Anya nods. "True."

"Mr. Gurin?" A stick thin man wearing a suit approaches.

"Yes, that's me."

“And Anya Titov?” He glances at my soon to be wife.

She nods. “That’s me.”

He claps his hands. “Perfect, follow me. We are ready for you.”

I lace my fingers with hers and lead her after the man into a quaint little room with flowers. It’s not as bad as I expected from the waiting room outside.

“Mr. Gurin, you stand at the front, and Ms. Titov, you remain at the end of the aisle until the music plays,” he instructs.

I hate the idea of letting her hand go, but I do anyway, walking to the front and standing where he instructs.

There are seats for guests to watch, but obviously we don’t have any for good reason.

The wedding march begins to play and Anya moves down the aisle toward me, looking as beautiful as ever.

I know this isn’t what she would have imagined. No beautiful white dress or fancy bouquet, but all that matters is that we are here together, alive and free.

Once she gets to the end, the man starts the ceremony, but I hardly listen.

I’m too captivated by the beauty of the woman in front of me.

Before I kidnapped her, I didn’t realize my life was severely lacking in a happiness only she could bring me. It was lacking a purpose I never had before, even as pakhan to the Morozov Bratva.

“Mr. Gurin, if you would like to say your vows.”

I swallow hard. “I haven’t written anything, but I know what I want to say, printessa. You are the light of my life. It’s hard to believe that I lived before I met you, because everything has become so much brighter since you came into my life. All my life, so long as I have breath in my lungs and a

beat in my heart, I will vow to protect you and cherish you. I love you more than I can ever put into words.”

Anya’s eyes fill with tears as a few leaks down her cheeks.

“Ms. Titov, you next,” the mans says.

She struggles to speak as tears flood down her face. “All my life, I’ve felt like a prisoner in my own home. You came along and rescued me from an existence that was hardly worth living. I will forever be grateful for that, but also the fact that you gave up everything for us makes you my true knight in shining armor. I found my soul mate. My true reason for living, and I never want to be without you. I love you so much it hurts. I will love you until the day I die.”

The man nods. “Now the rings,” he instructs.

I place a gold band on Anya’s left ring finger first and then pass her my ring, which she then places on my finger.

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife.” He glances at me. “You may kiss the bride.”

Anya smiles at me and it’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen, as I move forward and yank her into my chest. I gaze into her eyes before kissing her with all the passion and love I feel.

Everything else fades to the background as I drown in my love for my wife, knowing that this is the start of something truly meaningful.





## ANYA

The culture shock I feel as I walk down Newbury Street is overwhelming. There are hundreds of different shops and art galleries and the colors alone are a giant contrast to the streets and shops of Russia.

It feels like I've been living my life in black and white until this point.

"I love it here," I say, glancing at Valery.

He smirks at me. "Good, because I've already set in motion plans to cement ourselves rather firmly in this city."

I arch a brow. "How?"

"I'm bringing the bratva here."

My stomach twists as when we ran from Russia, I thought we were running from a life of crime as well as my father. As I look at the way Valery's eyes light up over this news, it hits me. That's all he knows. The bratva was his life, and he gave it up for me. "You intend to bring your men to America?" I confirm.

He shakes his head. "No, I intend to recruit new men. It would be too risky to bring my men over here, as Grigory has increased his reward for the both of us." His jaw clenches. "One million rubles."

I gasp, as that's a ridiculous amount of money. We can't trust anyone not to take it, and that's why Valery hasn't disclosed our whereabouts to anyone in Russia. I understand

now why he couldn't hire a pilot even to bring us to America and flew us, as it's just too damn dangerous.

People would murder for that kind of money, so if any of his old *bratva* were to learn his whereabouts, they'd throw us to the wolves. Granted, I'm not totally sure my father could be trusted to pay up once we were delivered. It's cheaper to kill the person who brings us to him rather than pay them.

"Do you think we can remain hidden here?" I ask, unable to hide the concern in my voice.

He smiles, squeezing my hand tighter. "Of course. I'll always protect you, Anya."

I sigh, shaking my head. "Wouldn't it be safer to select a job that's not so similar to back home?"

He stops and pulls me to face him. "Anya, you are my world." His jaw works. "And I gave up my empire—my family's legacy — for you. I'd do it one hundred times over, but now that we're safe, I need to do this." He cups my cheeks in his hand, gazing into my eyes. "The links between Russian and America couldn't be more strained, which means intel is difficult to pass between the two countries. Not to mention we're over five thousand miles away. We will be safe here, I promise."

I look into his eyes and know that I can trust his promise. He loves me in a way I never expected any man to love me. After all, I was destined to be married off to the highest bidder, and this man became my knight in shining armor, even if his initial intentions in kidnapping me had rather sinister intentions.

I nod. "Okay, but you have to promise me you won't take any unnecessary risks. I can't live without you."

The smile he gives me is achingly beautiful as he lifts my hand and presses his lips to the back of it. "I promise I'm not going anywhere."

"Good," I say.

He chuckles and pulls me tighter against his side. "Where do you want to go now?"

My stomach growls. “I’m hungry. How about lunch?”

“Sounds like a good idea. What do you fancy?”

I think about the question, knowing that there are so many new foods for me to try here in America. “I’ve never had pizza, and I’d like to try it.”

“Neither have I,” Valery admits. “Pizza it is. Let’s go and find somewhere.” He tries to pull me forward, but I stop him.

“I saw a place a few hundred yards back that way.”

He turns and nods. “Okay, lead the way.”

I lead him back toward the pizza place I saw on the way down the street, which is heaving with people.

“Are you sure we will get a table?” he asks.

I shrug. “I hope so. It smells delicious.”

We stand in the entryway, waiting for one of the servers to greet us.

“Hello, how may I help?” A young woman asks, smiling at us both.

“I was hoping we could get a table for two?” Valery asks.

She purses her lips, glancing over at the bookings. “It’s a bit tight.” She looks back at the restaurant.

“It would really mean a lot. We’re newlyweds on our honeymoon and have never tried pizza before,” I lie, since we’ve been married for over a month.

Her eyes widen. “Never tried pizza?”

I shake my head. “No, but it smells delicious.”

“Okay, I think we can squeeze you in.” She grabs two menus. “Follow me.”

We follow her through the restaurant and toward the back, where there’s a small table for two. “Here we are,” she announces.

I sit first and Valery takes his seat next to me.

“Thank you,” I say.

“Can I get you any drinks first?”

“I’ll have a Coca Cola,” I say.

Valery rolls his eyes, as I’ve recently discovered how delicious it is and it’s all I ever order. “I’ll have a whiskey, neat.”

She jots our orders down. “Of course, coming right up.” She walks away, leaving us alone.

“It does smell good, I must admit,” Valery says, looking at me over his menu. “The question is, what the hell am I supposed to pick?”

I read the menu. “It all sounds amazing, but I think I’ll try the pepperoni. It sounds interesting.”

Valery chuckles. “How about we share?”

“What do you propose?”

“One pepperoni and one chicken, just in case you don’t like the pepperoni.”

I purse my lips and then nod. “Sounds like a good idea.”

He places his menu down and then reaches across the table. “You are a very good liar, Anya Gurin.”

I squeeze his hand back. “We are on our honeymoon. It’s just a very long one.”

He chuckles. “So you are okay with me starting a new bratva in Boston?”

“As long as you are careful, yes. I can’t ask you to give up what you know when you’ve already given up so much for me.”

“I haven’t given up anything, malishka. I’ve gained everything by running away with you.”

It’s crazy the way his words have such a powerful effect on me. My body heats and my stomach twists whenever he speaks to me like that.

“I’m glad you don’t resent me for losing your empire.”

“Resent you?” He shakes his head. “How could I resent you when it was all my choice?”

I swallow hard, as it’s something I’ve been worried about. That perhaps he rushed into this too fast. Giving up his family’s legacy couldn’t have been easy.

“It’s just you lost your empire. Everything your grandfather built.”

His jaw works. “It was a tough decision, but I know it’s in good hands. And I will build something even better for myself here in Boston.”

The lady returns and takes our order for the two pizzas to share.

And I suddenly feel Valery’s hand reach for me under the table. “You know, I wouldn’t mind a repeat of the bathroom incident.” His brow arches.

I shake my head and swat his hand away. “Not here. In Russia, we may have gotten away with it, but here we are nobodies, at least not yet.” I purse my lips. “Control yourself.”

He grabs my thigh even harder. “I don’t like being told what to do, malishka.”

I swallow hard. “But we’ve just ordered food.”

He nods. “We won’t go into the bathroom, but I will touch you right here under the table.”

My whole body heats at the thought as he pushes my skirt up and slides his fingers through my soaking wet core. “Valery.”

“Yes, printessa?”

“You are insane.”

He smirks. “Perhaps, but I want to feel you come before our pizzas arrive.”

I glance around the busy, noisy restaurant and feel at ease when I see no one is glancing in our direction.

“Can you do that for me?”

I nod in response and focus on the sensations as he plays with my clit. Heat explodes over every inch of my body, making me long for more.

“Oh God,” I breathe as he moves his fingers lower and then plunges them deep inside of me. “It feels so good.”

Valery holds my gaze with such intensity as he thrusts his fingers in and out of me.

I lean toward him, biting my lip in an attempt to quieten the cries that are desperate to break free.

“That’s it, printessa. I want you to come on my hand like the dirty little girl I know you are,” he whispers into my ear.

“Fuck,” I breathe, clawing onto the edge of the table as he drags me relentlessly toward the edge.

“Stop fighting it and come. I want my hand coated in your arousal.”

“Valery, fuck,” I breathe.

“Unfortunately, I don’t think I’ll get away with fucking you here.” His brow arches. “Although I’m willing to try.”

He grabs my hand with his free hand and places it on his bulging crotch.

I groan and rub him through his pants, which results in a deep, animalistic growl.

Quickly, he unfastens his pants and frees his cock. “Stroke it,” he orders.

I glance around, reassured that no one is looking in this direction, since we’re in a dark corner.

And then I wrap my hand around his hard, velvety cock and stroke it, wishing in that moment that he was deep inside of me.

“Just like that. Stroke my cock until I cum all over the underside of this fucking table.”

I work my hand up and down his shaft harder, pushing him toward the precipice as he fingers me.

Both of our breathing becomes labored as we get closer to the edge.

“Fuck, Anya. I’m going to explode any minute,” he growls into my ear. “Look at me.”

I turn my face to look into his eyes, and then he kisses me.

My climax hits me hard and fast as his tongue thrust in and out of my mouth relentlessly.

I shudder as my juice spills into his hand.

He roars into my mouth, but I swallow most of the sound as we kiss in public like two horny teenagers.

I feel his cum splattering all over the place under the table, drops hitting my hand.

For a while, I can’t even bring myself to remove my hand.

Our lips still melded together as we kiss lazily.

Finally, he breaks away and that brings me back to reality.

I quickly release his semi-hard cock and pull my hand away, eyes widening when I see his cum all over it.

Grabbing a serviette, I move to wipe it off.

He stops me. “Lick it off now, like a good girl. I don’t want you wasting it.”

It’s insane how those words set me on fire again, even though I’ve just climaxed. I lick off every drop, holding his gaze.

“Your turn,” I say, as he finally removes his fingers from inside of me.

He deliberately and slowly sucks each finger cleaning, making me needy.

“Fuck, I need your cock inside of me,” I breathe.

He chuckles. “Pizza first.” He nods to the server who is carrying two plates.



That snaps me back to reality as I sit up straighter.

“Two pizzas to share. Chicken and Pepperoni,” she announces, placing the plates down on the table, entirely oblivious to what we’ve been up to.

“Thank you,” Valery says.

“Enjoy.” She spins around and rushes away.

“Let’s see what all the fuss is about, hey?” Valery asks.

I nod and pick up a slice of the chicken. Tentatively, I take a bite. It tastes amazing. “Oh my God, it’s as good as it smells. Maybe better.”

Valery chuckles and takes a piece of the pepperoni, taking a large bite. He nods as he swallows. “It’s good, I must admit it.” His dark eyes darken. “Although not as tasty as you.”

I shake my head. “Don’t start again or we might end up getting arrested soon.”

“Okay, but as soon as you are finished, we are going back to the apartment so I can ravish you.”

I nod in agreement. “Agreed.”

Ever since we arrived in Boston, I’ve felt like while Valery has been happy, there’s been something missing.

He’s missed the purpose he had as a pakhan to the bratva, and the first time I truly saw him at ease was earlier when he told me about his plans.

The least I can do is get behind them and support him after he rescued me from a life of misery. I can’t wait to see what our future holds.



## VALERY

Two years later...

“The Italians are pushing into our territory,”  
Dima says.

I glare at him. “Then push back harder. We will not give up the territory we’ve rightly won.” The Mazzeo family has been our most difficult opposition since I founded the Gurin Bratva in Boston. Their ties to the city are old and well established.

He nods. “Yes, pakhan.”

I steeple my fingers on the steel industrial table my men are gathered around at our headquarters in an old warehouse at the docks. “Is there any other matter that needs to be addressed?”

My Sovietnik, Vladimir, clears his throat. “The Irish are gaining power at a rapid rate. Do you want us to do anything about it?” He doesn’t compare to Konstantin, but he’s a good kid who is loyal through and through.

I shake my head. “We stick to our territory and our own business. If they overstep, then we do something about it. Not before.” I learned my lesson in Zelenograd that being overly ambitious is the way to lose everything. However, if I were given the opportunity to go back and do it all over again, I wouldn’t change a thing because it brought my Anya.

My soul mate. My true reason for living.

Anya loves living in America. I didn’t believe she could be more beautiful, but she is radiant now that she’s truly happy.

Free from the shackles of communist Russia and the prison her father kept her in. Ironically, her kidnapper is the man who freed her. And I would do it all over again if I could. There's not one thing I'd change about the way we were brought together.

She has just found out she's two months pregnant with our first child. It's hard to believe that I'm going to become a father in less than a year, but also that it took so long for her to fall pregnant. I'm not entirely sure I'm ready for it, but with Anya by my side, I know I can do anything.

"What is being done about buying new real estate by the docks?" I ask.

Dima clears his throat. "Two offers have been accepted for the warehouses we wanted." He looks nervous as he says, "Three were declined."

"Give me the details of those three offers that were rejected. I want to know who owns them and why they declined the offer." We offered twice the value of the properties to ensure they accepted the money, so it's disappointing that three declined. However, we've hit political roadblocks at every turn in this city.

It's a long hard slog, but the rewards here in Boston far outweigh what was possible in Moscow.

"Of course, sir. I'll get you their details," Dima says.

I glance around at the other men at the table. "Any more business?"

The silence that follows is a blessing. "Good, as I've got a wife to get back to." I stand. "It's our anniversary, and you know what that means."

The men chant and whistle. "Happy anniversary, boss," Dima says.

Vladimir claps me on the back. "Have a good night." He winks. "I'll make sure no one disturbs you unless it's unavoidable."

I nod. "Thanks, Vlad. I'll see you tomorrow."

With that, I walk out of the warehouse and get into my car, glancing at the flowers I picked up on the way.

Anya will love them.

She's been a bit all over the place since we found out about the baby. I'm not entirely sure she's remembered, but it doesn't matter.

All that matters is she's mine and slowly we're rebuilding everything I lost, together.

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I WALK into our town house holding a bouquet of red roses.

The scent of beef stroganoff filters through the corridor, making my stomach rumble. Although the Gurin Bratva is gaining traction, we're not yet at the point where we can afford a cook, so Anya has been learning all her old favorites that Nadia used to cook.

I walk into the kitchen to find it a complete and utter mess, chuckling to myself.

Anya's eyes widen when she sees me. "You are home early!"

"Yes, and it seems you are destroying our kitchen."

She places her hands on her hips and blows out a breath, flour all over her blue blouse. "It's not easy cooking, you know?"

I smirk. "I'm pretty sure it's possible to cook without making this mess."

She frowns. "Don't be an ass. I'm making you dinner."

I walk toward her and place a kiss on her cheek. "Thank you, printessa." I place the flowers in her hand. "These are for you. Happy Anniversary."

Her eyes widen. "Oh shit, I completely forgot."

Today is the second year anniversary of the day we married at the registry office in London and became Mr. and Mrs. Gurin, before boarding a plane to Boston the next day.

I shake my head. “Baby brain, right?”

She smiles. “Something like that. I’m sorry.”

I grab her hips and pull her close. “Don’t worry, malishka. I know a few ways you can make it up to me.”

Her brows pull together. “A few?”

I chuckle. “Yes.” My lips skate over her skin. “But we will save that for after dinner.”

“At least I cooked, even though I’d forgot.” She signals to the pot on the stove with the stroganoff in.

“It does smell divine.” My eyes dip to her dirty, flour coated clothes. “But not as divine as you.”

She shakes her head. “I’m a mess.”

“Never,” I murmur, stalking toward her. “You’re always beautiful.”

Her cheeks flush a pretty pink as I yank her against me, not caring that I’m getting flour all over my designer suit. “Don’t be ridiculous.” Her eyes widen as she sees the mess on my suit. “You are getting messy.”

I kiss her then, silencing her, as I don’t care. All I want is to enjoy my wife. I break the kiss and gaze down at my beautiful printessa, who’s been glowing ever since we found out she’s pregnant.

When we break apart, she has that look in her eyes that tells me she’s ready for more. “Bend over for me, malishka.”

She eagerly walks over to the kitchen table and bends over, glancing at me with a look that makes my balls ache.

“Are you taunting me?”

She shakes her head. “No, I just can’t wait to feel your cock deep inside of me.”

“Inside which hole?” I ask.

Her lips purse together. “All of them.”

I growl and move toward her. “You have a such a filthy mouth for a printessa.” I walk around to the side and pull out my cock. “Open your mouth then.”

She does as she’s told and I slip my cock through her lips, groaning as she takes me into her throat like a pro. It’s crazy how well she can suck my cock, considering she practically choked on it the first time.

Anya doesn’t panic anymore, opening her throat and breathing through her nose so I can fuck it just like her cunt.

I take pleasure from her mouth, while she pleasures herself, allowing me to get close, but knowing I need to hold off for her other two holes.

Grabbing a fistful of her hair, I yank her off my cock. “That’s enough. I need to fuck that tight little cunt next.”

Her eyes darken. “Please, fuck me hard.”

Anya has been more insatiable than ever since she’s been pregnant. Something about hormones. It’s been hard to keep our hands off each other anytime we’re alone.

I grab a bottle of olive oil off the counter and a banana.

Her eyes widen. “What are you going to do with that?”

“I’m going to shove it in your ass before I fuck your cunt. I want you stuffed in both holes.”

She moans, eyes rolling back in her head at the mere thought. “Fuck, yes.”

I move to stand behind her and yank up her skirt, groaning when I see she’s not wearing panties. More often than not, she doesn’t bother, and it’s so fucking sexy.

I squirt some olive oil onto her asshole, working my fingers in first. It’s crazy how easy her ass opens now, having had a lot of practice. She doesn’t tense, utterly willing to be stretched and filled.

After only a minute, she’s ready for the banana. I lube it up with oil and then slide it into her ass.

“Fuck, that feels so good,” she groans.

“Good, because I’m about to fill your cunt, too. Would you like that?”

Anya glances at me. “Yes, I’d love it.”

“You want to experience what it would be like to have two cocks inside you at the same time?”

She nods eagerly.

I line the head of my cock up with her soaking wet entrance and slam my hips forward, burying myself to the hilt in one move.

And then I start to fuck her, groaning at how tight she feels with the banana, squeezing her passage and pressing against my cock.

“How does it feel, printessa? Tell me.”

She whimpers as I fuck her. “It feels too good.”

I spank her ass. “There’s no such thing as too good.”

Her body shudders within minutes and I can tell she’s going to come apart, but I just keep going, pushing her right over the edge as fast as possible.

Her muscles clamp around me tighter than I’ve ever experienced, and I have to slow down to stop myself from exploding.

“Valery!” she screams my name at the top of her lungs.

“That’s it. Come with my cock in your cunt, and the banana filling your ass.”

She continues to shake and shudder for minutes after as I keep fucking her, pushing her toward another cliff edge.

When I pull my cock out, she whimpers in protest. “No,” she says.

I spank her ass hard. “Time for my cock in your ass. I’m going to fill it up with cum.”

“Yes, please, Valery. I need your cum in my ass.”



I slide the banana out and coat my cock in olive oil, before lining the head up with her already stretched hole.

Grabbing her hips hard, I slam my cock into her and groan at how good it feels. And then I pull her with me, sitting down on the kitchen chair.

I force her to spin around, still buried inside of her.

“Ride my dick with your ass,” I order.

She holds my gaze with determination and starts to move up and down.

I tear open her blouse and groan when I see her hard nipples and bare breasts. She’s not been wearing a bra lately either because her breasts are sore from the hormones.

Moving forward, I suck on them one by one as she fucks herself on me.

Her body moving with hard, violent movements as she tries to find her release again.

“I want you to come with my cock in your ass, malishka. I want to feel those muscles tight around my cock, forcing the cum into your ass.”

She moans as she gazes down at me, her cheeks flushed a deep red as she chases her second release.

Within minutes, I feel her muscles tighten as she heads for her second climax, so I grab her hips and meet her thrusts, pushing her over the edge faster.

“Fuck, that ass feels so fucking good,” I growl as I come too, spilling every drop into her ass.

We are both panting when we finish moving, spent and satiated.

Anya kisses me softly as I keep my arms wrapped around her, my still semi-hard cock buried inside of her.

When she breaks away, she murmurs, “Happy anniversary. I love you.”

“I love you too.” I kiss her, my tongue thrusting into her mouth. “And I have every intention of devouring you all night long.”

“Good,” she murmurs.

We kiss then, heat flaring between us as we sit there in the kitchen, my cock still in her ass.

I know without a doubt in that moment that all the struggles and difficulties were beyond worth it.

I’d give up my empire a hundred times over if it meant I’d be with Anya.



# EPILOGUE

## ANYA

*S*ix years later...

“Mikhail, stop running in the house!” I shout, as our little boy rushes down the corridor off of the living room toward the kitchen. As always, he doesn’t listen to me. He’s as stubborn as his father. Just over five years old and a complete rascal, even if he’s a cute one.

My hand rests on the bump of my stomach as I look across the living room at my husband, who is buried deep in paperwork at his desk. Our second child is coming within months and I can’t wait to expand our family.

Who would have known that his abandoning Zelenograd would bring him far more wealth and power here in Boston?

It’s hard to believe that it’s been seven years since we fled Russia. The moment we hit American soil we ditched our old surnames and married under the fake name of Gurin, but we kept our first names the same. Valery and Anya Gurin. Even so, we have to be vigilant. It may have been seven years, but the rumor is my father is furious about what Valery pulled. The price for the return of both of us alive is double what it was five years ago, meaning we have to keep our secret buried as deep as possible.

Valery is pakhan of the Gurin Bratva now. It became clear the moment we arrived that there’s so much opportunity to take advantage of here in Boston. A blank canvas that Valery decided he’d mold to his image. Even if he’s met a lot of

resistance from the Italians and Irish, it's been easier to get a foothold than in Moscow.

I clear my throat. "Are you almost finished?"

He looks up at me, a sinful smirk twisting his lips. "Why? Are you missing me, malishka?"

I shake my head. "Don't be an idiot. Mikhail is still up."

He checks his watch. "Well, it's past his bedtime. Get Alice to take him to bed."

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip. "Or what?"

His eyes flash. "Don't push me. Or our son will witness his mother having her ass spanked."

Heat coils through me as I nod in agreement and head out of the room down the corridor to find Mikhail and Alice. He is sitting at the kitchen table and chattering to her in Russian.

"It's past your bedtime, Mikhail."

He pushes his bottom lip out. "But I'm having fun."

I chuckle. "There's always time for more fun tomorrow, but sleep is important." I glance at Alice. "Would you mind getting him bathed and into bed?"

Alice smiles. "Of course not. We'll play games in the bath and I'll read you a story." She ruffles his hair.

"Only if we get to read my favorite," Mikhail says very seriously.

"The Gruffalo?" She confirms.

He nods enthusiastically.

"Of course." She nods at me. "Say goodnight to your mom."

He rushes over to me and wraps his arms around me. "Goodnight, mommy."

I kiss him on the head. "Goodnight, sweetheart. Be good for Alice."

He grins at me. "I'm always good."

I arch a brow, as I've never met a more mischievous child in my life. "What have I told you about lying?"

He chuckles. "Okay, I'm good most of the time."

I shake my head. "Go on." I nod toward the door and Mikhail grabs Alice's hand and drags her out of the kitchen toward the stairs. Alice has been a godsend since I got pregnant, as Mikhail is exhausting and her help makes it easier to cope.

I return to the study to find the room empty. Frowning, I head back into the corridor, searching for my husband.

Suddenly, a hand wraps around my neck from behind and yanks me backward. I slam into the hard wall of muscle that is my husband. "Looking for me?"

I shudder at the tone of his voice. "Perhaps."

His hand tightens around the back of my neck. "Who else would you be looking for, printessa?"

I try to turn around, but he holds me still.

"Answer me."

"I was looking for you," I admit.

"Good girl," he purrs into my ear, moving his hands to my hips and pushing me face first against the corridor's wall. It's insane the way my stomach flutters each and every time that he calls me a good girl, even now. I need his praise as much as I need oxygen to survive. His hands are on either side of me, trapping me in so there's no escape. Gently, his lips tease against my ear lobe, sending shivers down my spine. "What is it you wanted from me? And be specific."

I slide my lip between my teeth. "I wanted your cock."

He growls into my ear. "Is that right?" I feel him press the hard length of him into my ass. "And what do you want me to do with it?"

"Fuck me," I breathe.

He chuckles humorlessly. "Such a dirty little slut and all mine." One hand moves up my chest to cup my breast.

Painfully, he pinches one of my nipples, making me yelp in surprise. “Now put your hands on the wall for me and don’t move.”

I do as I’m told, loving submitting to this man. Anticipation raises the hair on the back of my neck. Even after eight years, I can’t predict what he’s going to do next.

He grabs my hips and forces me to bend over more. “I’m going to give you what you want right here.”

I gasp. “Valery, no—”

He spanks my ass. “What’s wrong, printessa? We’re alone.”

I bite my bottom lip. “Alice could be down at any minute and see us.”

His hands move under my skirt and he tears my

The zip of his pants warns me that he’s freeing his cock and then I feel the head slide against my soaking wet entrance. “You know that’s not true. It takes at least forty minutes to get Mikhail into bed.” And then he slams into me with aggressive force, making me moan.

I claw at the wall as the moment he’s inside of me, I feel complete. “Fuck, Valery,” I gasp.

His hand wraps around my throat, cutting off my oxygen supply. “You feel so damn good,” he growls.

My eyes roll back in my head as the pleasure is impossible to explain. It feels better every time. A flood of red hot pleasure ignites inside of me like lava flowing through my veins.

“Do you like me choking you?” he asks, even though he knows how much I love it.

I nod my head as he remains buried inside of me without moving. All I want is to feel him take me hard and fast, like the animal he is.

“Let me hear you say it,” he demands.



“I love you choking me,” I manage to say, despite his hand blocking my airways. “Please fuck me.”

He groans and then, like a man possessed, he fucks me against the wall in the middle of the corridor while I try to hold myself up, using the wall for support.

I try not to be too loud, even if this house is practically a mansion and the likelihood of Alice hearing us is slim from upstairs. “This is crazy,” I murmur.

Valery nips the edge of my ear. “There’s nothing crazy about it.” He suddenly pulls out of me, making me whimper at the empty sensation.

Before I can question him, he spins me around and lifts me off my feet, so that I’m backed against the wall. His hard muscles strain as he holds me there, eyes full of chaotic desire. I stare into his eyes and he stares right back as if he’s looking right into my soul.

And then he thrusts into me, my body bending to his will as his cock fills me.

“That’s it, malishka, take my cock like a good girl,” he purrs.

His dirty talk always has the power to make me melt as my body starts to tremble with every thrust. I can feel the pressure increasing, despite the fact we’re literally fucking in the middle of the corridor where any of the staff could witness it. It doesn’t matter now as I’m completely lost to the sensations, unable to worry about anything beyond the two of us.

“Valery,” I moan, clawing my fingers through his dark hair. “Fuck me harder.”

He grunts. “Whatever you want, malishka.”

With that, his arms strain harder and he lifts me up and down his thick shaft with more force, practically dropping me down onto his cock. It feels like he’s so impossibly deep and the thrill building deep within me increases with every second that passes while he’s inside of me.

“I want you to come on my cock, Anya,” he pants, eyes frantic. “I want to feel that tight little cunt milk my cock.”

“Oh God,” I moan, clamping my eyes shut as he pushes me closer and closer with each dirty thing he says to me.

Valery holds me with one arm, straining as he uses his free hand to play with my nipples in turn, driving me closer to the edge of the cliff he’d been dangling me over. “Come for me, printessa.”

My climax comes out of nowhere like an electric storm in the middle of summer, and I have to bite my lip to stifle the scream that wants to break free. My body shudders violently. Valery melds his lips to mine, swallowing my moans and screams as he thrusts his tongue into my mouth and his cock into my pussy, driving toward his own climax.

I can hardly see straight as the pleasure rips its way through my body, turning me into liquid.

Valery roars as he comes apart, pressing his lips against the column of my neck. “Take my cum like a good girl. I want every drop deep inside of you.” He keeps fucking me against the wall for a long time after until he’s spent and gasping for oxygen.

Finally, he relents and lowers me to my feet, eyes full of desire despite the fact we both just found our release. “I’ll never get tired of that.”

I smile. “Neither will I.”

“Good.” He grabs my hand and yanks me against him again. “Because I have every intention of doing that a few times tonight.”

My body cries out in protest from exhaustion, but my mind wants everything that he gives me. “Remember, I am pregnant. It’s quite tiring.”

He arches a brow. “Don’t worry, I’ll do all the work.”

“That’s not the point. I don’t want to over do it.”

He kisses my lips softly. “Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle.”

I kiss him back, feeling as in love with him as the day we left Russia. The day he freed me. My rather untraditional knight in shining armor.

“I love you,” I mutter against his lips.

I feel him smile against me. “I love you more than you can ever know, malishka.”

Pulling him against me, we drown in each other. Our tongues and lips searching each other as if it’s the first time. There’s no quenching the desire that our love inspires and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

---

THANKS so much for reading Empire of Carnage, part of the Dark Reign series.

Are you ready for the next book in the Dark Reign series?

[Ruthless Kingpin by Carina Blake is up next.](#)



**Can a cold, dark heart thaw?**

*She stumbled into my life, quite by accident, witnessing something she shouldn't have. Normally, that would find her a one-way ticket to meet her maker. But one look into her frightened green eyes and I had a change of heart. I was as cold-hearted as they came and still, there would be no way I'd let her go. She'd have to be useful. If she wanted to live, she could serve a different purpose...*

*It just so happens; I needed a mistress.*

# DARK REIGN SERIES

Have you seen the rest of the Dark Reign Series?

Power comes at a cost and these men have sacrificed their souls. They know violence, death, and how to walk in the gray, but that doesn't mean they are without weakness. The women they love are their light and they would scorch the Earth to protect them.

This December meet the men who rule their empires of crime and the women who stand by them while darkness reigns.

Check out the series and order your copies today!

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Here are the individual links:

[Their Dark Reign by Penelope Wyld](#)

[Blossom in Shadows by Ember Davis](#)

[Empire of Carnage by Bianca Cole](#)

[Ruthless Kingpin by Carina Blake](#)

[Gilded Thorn by Ember Davis](#)

[Bratva Prince by Carina Blake](#)

[Forgive My Sins by KL Donn](#)

[Wrong Devil by Mika Lane](#)

[The Devil's Captive by Mae Harden](#)

[Carnal Addiction by Sapphire Knight](#)



# WHAT'S NEXT

Hey readers,

So I'm posting a little update to let you know what I have planned for upcoming releases.

The Syndicate Academy series is continuing, but as some of you may know if you follow me on social media, I had a baby three months ago so we're just adjusting! I may not be releasing as rapidly in the next few months, so *Playing Dirty*, the next book is due out end of January. There will be two more books in the Syndicate Academy Series, and then I've got a really exciting series planned that I can't wait to start writing. If you follow me on Social Media, you will get the first look at cover reveals and new series details, so click the links at the end to follow me.

That's all for now, but I'll leave you with the details for my next book.

[Playing Dirty: A Dark Enemies to Lovers Forbidden Mafia Academy Romance](#)



**Archer Daniels is the biggest flirt at the academy, and he's determined to have me.**

Coach Daniels has a history of sleeping with students.

Now I'm in my senior year, he's determined to add me to the list.

I'd rather die than end up another notch in his bedpost.

But the man is persistent to a fault.

He's not someone who gives up easily, pushing harder the more I reject him.

I fear that Archer will stop at nothing until he gets what he wants.

A fear that quickly turns to reality as he digs up dirt about me I don't want people to know.

He says the whole school will find out if I don't hand him my virginity.

As if it's some trophy to be claimed.

I'll give him what he wants, but I won't make it easy for him.

I've never been good at losing and I'm going to make him wish he never pursued me.

He may be ruthless and insistent, but I can be just as mean.

We'll see who the true winner is when we both play dirty.

I'll claim his heart and make him wish he never set eyes on me.

And then, I'll walk away and leave him broken.

Finally teach him a lesson.

At least, that's the plan.

As long as I make sure I don't fall for him in the process...



## MAILING LIST

If you enjoy reading about possessive alpha men, steamy hot insta-lust, and romance, then grab my free novella on offer.

Filthy Doctor is a 34k novella and part of the Forbidden series.

Join my mailing list and receive Filthy Doctor for free!

[Click here to join now!](#)





## ALSO BY BIANCA COLE

### **The Syndicate Academy**

Corrupt Educator: A Dark Forbidden Mafia Academy Romance

Cruel Bully: A Dark Mafia Academy Romance

Sinful Lessons: A Dark Forbidden Mafia Academy Romance

Playing Dirty: A Dark Enemies to Lovers Forbidden Mafia Academy Romance

### **Chicago Mafia Dons**

Merciless Defender: A Dark Forbidden Mafia Romance

Violent Leader: A Dark Enemies to Lovers Captive Mafia Romance

Evil Prince: A Dark Arranged Marriage Romance

Brutal Daddy: A Dark Captive Mafia Romance

Cruel Vows: A Dark Forced Marriage Mafia Romance

Dirty Secret: A Dark Enemies to Loves Mafia Romance

Dark Crown: A Dark Arranged Marriage Romance

### **Boston Mafia Dons Series**

Cruel Daddy: A Dark Mafia Arranged Marriage Romance

Savage Daddy: A Dark Captive Mafia Romance

Ruthless Daddy: A Dark Forbidden Mafia Romance

Vicious Daddy: A Dark Brother's Best Friend Mafia Romance

Wicked Daddy: A Dark Captive Mafia Romance

### **New York Mafia Doms Series**

Her Irish Daddy: A Dark Mafia Romance

Her Russian Daddy: A Dark Mafia Romance

Her Italian Daddy: A Dark Mafia Romance

Her Cartel Daddy: A Dark Mafia Romance

### **Romano Mafia Brother's Series**

Her Mafia Daddy: A Dark Daddy Romance

Her Mafia Boss: A Dark Romance

Her Mafia King: A Dark Romance

### **Bratva Brotherhood Series**

Bought by the Bratva: A Dark Mafia Romance

Captured by the Bratva: A Dark Mafia Romance

Claimed by the Bratva: A Dark Mafia Romance

Bound by the Bratva: A Dark Mafia Romance

Taken by the Bratva: A Dark Mafia Romance

### **Wynton Series**

Filthy Boss: A Forbidden Office Romance

Filthy Professor: A First Time Professor And Student Romance

Filthy Lawyer: A Forbidden Hate to Love Romance

Filthy Doctor: A Forbidden Romance

**Royally Mated Series**

Her Faerie King: A Faerie Royalty Paranormal Romance

Her Alpha King: A Royal Wolf Shifter Paranormal Romance

Her Dragon King: A Dragon Shifter Paranormal Romance

Her Vampire King: A Dark Vampire Romance

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I love to write stories about over the top alpha bad boys who have heart beneath it all, fiery heroines, and happily-ever-after endings with heart and heat. My stories have twists and turns that will keep you flipping the pages and heat to set your kindle on fire.

For as long as I can remember, I've been a sucker for a good romance story. I've always loved to read. Suddenly, I realized why not combine my love of two things, books and romance?

My love of writing has grown over the past four years and I now publish on Amazon exclusively, weaving stories about dirty mafia bad boys and the women they fall head over heels in love with.

If you enjoyed this book please follow me on Amazon, Bookbub or any of the below social media platforms for alerts when more books are released.

